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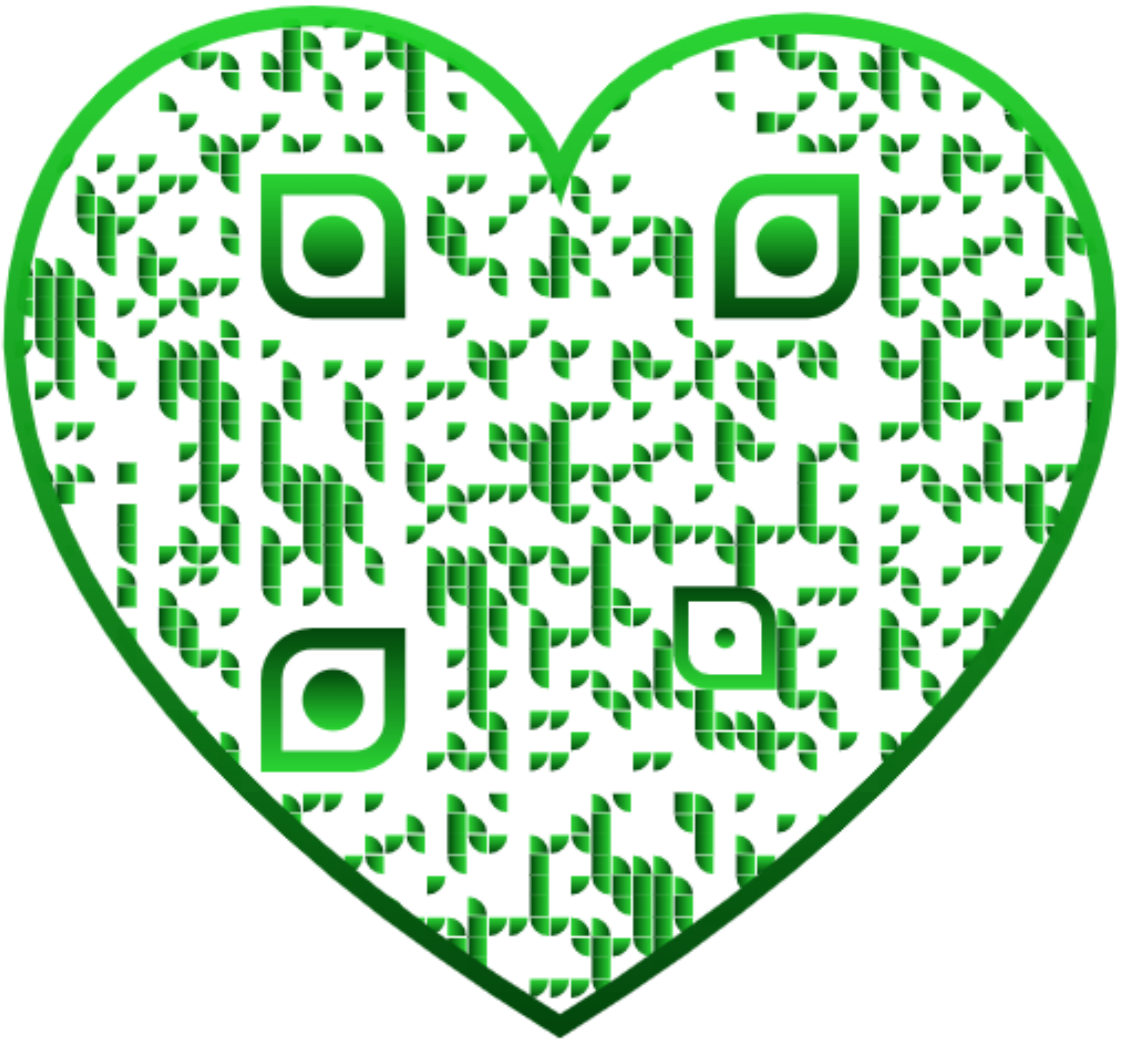

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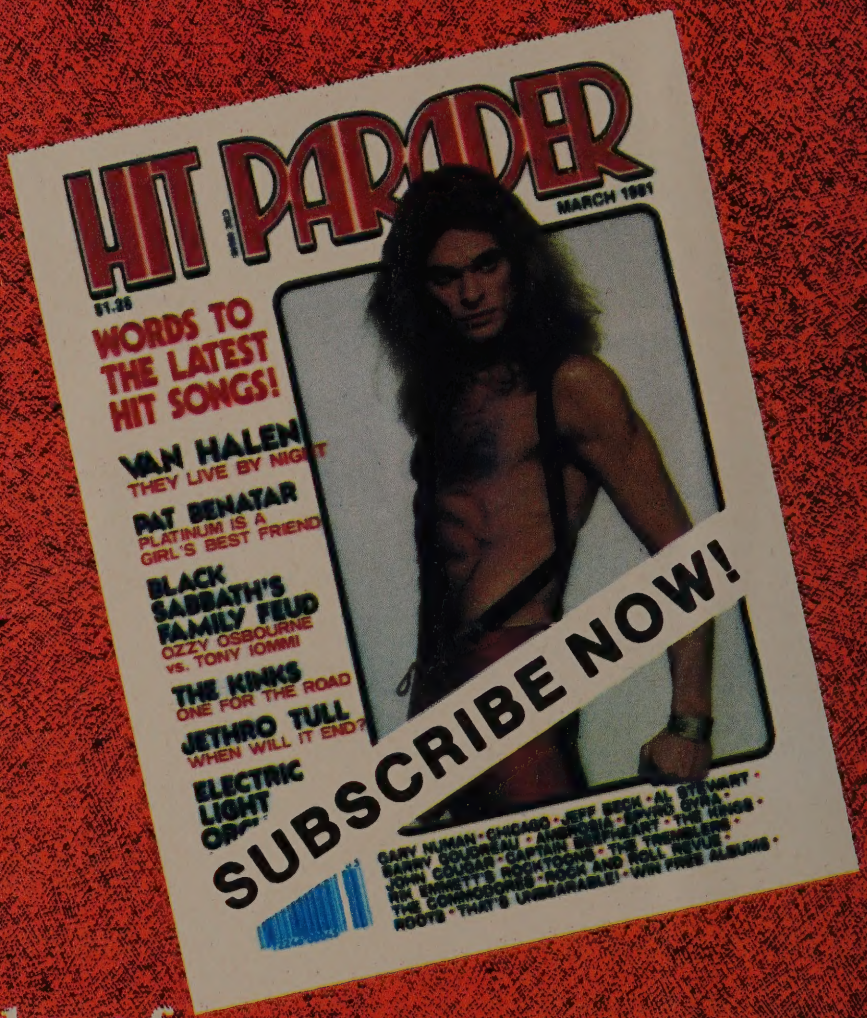

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HEART

Ann Wilson: "We really have a lot of fun on stage."

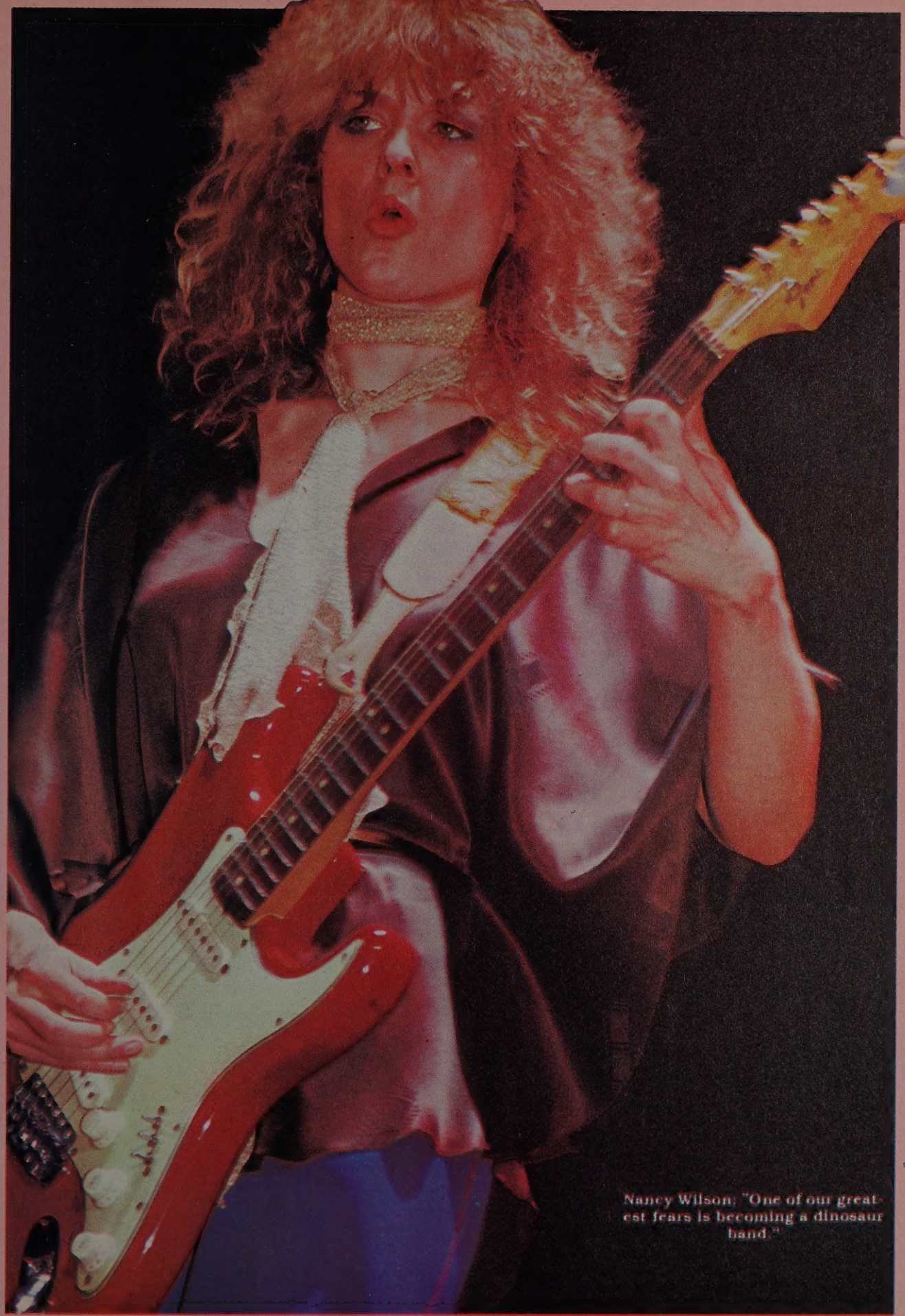
PICTURE OF HEALTH

by Regan McMahon

When You Need It Bad They've Got It Good

Flying into the Seattle airport is a little like floating over a giant toy train set. The dominant element is green. Perfect Christmas trees are everywhere, just like the ones you'd buy to fill out the landscape for the Lionel, when your parents couldn't keep up with the demand for additional Plasticville buildings — the school house, the gas station, etc. They always thought the train station and one house was enough.

Once on the ground, it's obvious



Nancy Wilson: "One of our greatest fears is becoming a dinosaur band."

Ebet Roberts

that Seattle is no train set, but it's still a rather small city, and a relatively new one. The first settlers didn't arrive until 1851, setting up a port for logging trade; the discovery of Yukon gold in 1897 turned Seattle into a boom town. Since those gold rush days, things have calmed down quite a bit.

But there's still some of the precious metal downtown, in an unassuming building just beyond the shadow of the Space Needle, symbol of the 1962 World's Fair. On the walls of a small recording studio called Kaye/Smith Productions, gold album plaques (awarded for sales of 500,000 copies) demonstrate that some artists prefer to produce their hits outside the jungles of Los Angeles or New York; among them, Steve Miller, Bachman Turner Overdrive, and hometown favorites, Heart.

Heart is in the studio putting the finishing touches on their seventh album, **Private Audition.** For the first time, they are working without Mike Flicker as producer. And, for the first time, they ventured to Los Angeles for some recording sessions.

"We always said we'd never go to L.A.," says Nancy Wilson, the group's blonde guitarist, who, along with her older sister, lead singer Ann, provides Heart's creative force and direction. "But we started thinking about a new producer and found Jimmy Iovine (Tom Petty, Stevie Nicks) could work with us for at least part of the album, and he works out of L.A.

"So we went there to break the monotony of always recording here and to keep us on our toes — a new place, a new producer. We lived there for two months in the fall and did most of the basic tracks before Jimmy left to fulfill another commitment, producing Bob Seger.

"It was real different for us," Nancy recalls. "I got sick right away from the smog. My eyes were burning all the time. I had headaches. It was great to get out of there and go back home. I realized how spoiled we are living in a clean environment."

"I thought he wanted to hear me sing all these old songs, but he really wanted to audition me for the couch."

"Back home" for Nancy means a new house on a five-acre piece of land in Seattle that shelters horses, dogs and even a donkey, as well as the beautiful, soft-spoken guitarist. Her sister Ann and the group's songwriting partner, Susan Ennis, live nearby. So do the girls' parents, who dropped by the studio the day I was there to see how things were going, and to visit with their eldest daughter, Lynne, who joined Ann and Nancy on backup vocals.

"I hardly ever get to see you all together!" squeals Mrs. Wilson, between hugs and kisses, referring to the fact that Lynne lives one state south, in Oregon, where she and her husband run a restaurant.

It's easy to see where the Wilson sisters get their looks. Their mom is pretty and fair, like Nancy, and their dad bears a slight resemblance to Henry Fonda. Mrs. Wilson is a bundle of personality and charm, like the outgoing Ann. It seems the sisters Wilson had the "cool" parents everyone dreams of. They smoked dope with their kids in the '60s, tolerated the loud music from both stereos and

Heart, from left: Howard Leese, Ann Wilson, Nancy Wilson, Steve Fossen, Michael Derosier.

Chris Walter

instruments, and gave them lots of love and support when the girls chose the impossible: careers in the world of rock and roll.

"Boy, these girls are *good*!" says Mrs. Wilson with mock surprise, as she sits in the production booth while the three sisters sing in the studio, on the other side of the glass. "Where did they come from?"

Everybody laughs.

Aside from their brief stint with lovine, **Private Audition** is being co-produced by Ann, Nancy, Sue Ennis, and Heart guitarist/keyboardist Howard Leese, known as Howie. Throughout the day's session, each is free to make suggestions and criticisms, and there is an amazing mutual artistic respect that pervades the effort.

They work on just two songs from 2 until 8 p.m. The first is what the band describes as one of several novelty songs cooked up for this LP. Called *This Man Is Mine*, it is modeled after the '60s black girl group sound and features Ann on lead vocal, wailing a possessive warning that other women had better keep their paws off her mate. After a take, Sue flips a switch, so that her voice is heard in the recording room, and says, "Can you make it a little whiter?"

"Right now it's kind of cappucino," offers Ann.

"Well, how 'bout making it cafe au lait?" suggests Sue. "And with less vibrato."

"Yeah, the Marvelettes didn't use much vibrato," adds Nancy.

Between takes the three sisters goof off, singing a cappella choruses like "We are DEVO" and "Take off to the Great White North" (from the Bob and Doug McKenzie LP).

Eventually, after recording backups on each section of the song — verses, choruses and bridges — the three enter the booth and listen to the playback of the entire tune. They then discuss it, with the kind of variety in adjectives that wine tasters throw around. "This way it has more character," says one. "It should be tighter," says another. "Looser." "Whiter." "I sound kind of squirrelly," says Nancy. "I could come down an octave," offers Ann.

They decide to try their parts again, over the tape but without a microphone. The three lean their heads close together and strike notes perfectly, effortlessly, using their vocal chords with the precision of a master keyboardist.

After deciding on the ultimate arrangement, they go back in and record, laying down some finger pops before closing shop on the track. The first take, however, doesn't work. The engineer complains of hearing the rustle of clothing, particularly from Ann's leather vest, as the sisters move their arms. While he gets the tape of the next song ready, someone compliments Nancy for her bass playing on *This Man Is Mine*. Apparently she has more bass parts on this album than on any other. It just worked out that way," she says. "We'd be inspired for a new part, and instead of calling somebody up and saying, 'Want to come down and learn the new part that I just thought up?' it was just easier to do it.

"I love to play bass," she adds. "If I could clone myself, the other self would be a bass player."

Next up is a song Nancy wrote and sings lead on, called *Situation*, which deals with the national addiction to video games that seems to be numbing our senses.

"Just because we didn't shave our heads or dye our hair orange doesn't mean that we're not trying to break new ground."

"It's a subtle stand," says the songwriter, "but a stand nonetheless." After the tape is played, an unabashedly proud Mrs. Wilson says to her husband, "Baby child's done it again," and others within earshot comment on how unusual it is for Nancy to tackle the kind of forceful lead vocal usually left to Ann.

The band says there's a lot on **Private Audition** that may surprise people. "We went beyond our own limits, pushed the fences out in terms of what's acceptable," says Nancy. "We're trying some real experimental, out-on-a-limb things, like atonal harmonies.

"Some of the songs are novelties, like *This Man Is Mine*, which is a portrait of a style Heart isn't known for. The title song is a total comedy tune. It's about an old Hollywood agent who auditions a lead singer. She reveals: 'I thought he wanted to hear me sing all these old songs, but he really wanted to audition me for the couch!' It's real tongue-in-cheek and pretty wild for us. It'll be interesting to see what people think when they hear this record. I hope they don't think we've gone crazy!"

Taking new points of view is another change that's evident on Heart's album, says co-songwriter/co-producer Sue. "We

explored new voices. There isn't just the 'I' point of view like 'I love you'/'You hurt me.' "

Several songs on the LP were inspired by John Lennon's death. The members of Heart are well-known for being Beatlemaniacs; their shared fanaticism is what first brought Sue and Ann together in high school. Ann's purse, a Yellow Submarine lunchbox, is but one outward sign that she still keeps the faith.

"We were all totally distraught after the murder," Sue confesses. The result is *Hero Rebels Die, Cities Burning*, a very hard-rock tale of a couple's individual responses to news of violence heard over the radio, and *Angels*, which was written for Sean Lennon. The latter features acoustic guitar ("more in the vein of *Dreamboat Annie*," says Sue) and speaks from a child's point of view.

On the lighter side, Sue and Ann got together in secret to write a song about Nancy called *Bright Light Girl*, inspired by what they observe as a new period of joy and love in her life.

The number of different approaches on this album should prove to some critics who have slagged the multi-million-selling group that Heart is not content to sit on its laurels. "Just because we didn't shave our heads or dye our hair orange doesn't mean that we're not trying to break new ground and be rebellious within our own art form," says Nancy, incensed at the mention of *Rolling Stone's* review of their last studio album, **Bebe Le Strange**, which labelled it "corporate rock at its most brazenly opportunistic and hollow" and "trite heavy metal riffing."

"One of our greatest personal fears is becoming a dinosaur band," Nancy admits. "Consider our history: We got popular with our very first album [**Dreamboat Annie** sold 5 million copies], and after that we just shut our eyes and floored it, trying to keep the albums coming.

"At this point, with this particular album, we finally had time to sit back and say, 'If we don't take stock of ourselves here, we might just become a dinosaur band.' We felt the need to change."

With the LPs release, Heart begins a lengthy world tour, which they welcome — unlike many bands who complain of the rigors of life on the road. "We just love to play," beams Ann. "We really have a lot of fun on stage." Over the last year they played a mere 17 dates — including two with the Rolling Stones in Colorado — and are itching for the heavy schedule again.

Once this tour is over they'll resume production on the long-in-the-works movie Ann, Nancy and Sue have conceived. And Nancy will begin work on her childrens album. "It's not just for children," she explains. "It's more of a fantasy story that everyone could enjoy — like Harry Nilsson's **The Point.**"

Whatever Heart does in the future, it's a safe bet they'll do it in the no-hustle-bustle environment of their childhood home, Seattle.

"Don't get me wrong, there are a lot of great things about L.A.," Nancy assures me, pausing to come up with an example. "Like you can buy records there until midnight!"□

Ann and Nancy and doggie make three: "I hope they don't think we've gone crazy." Lynn Goldsmith

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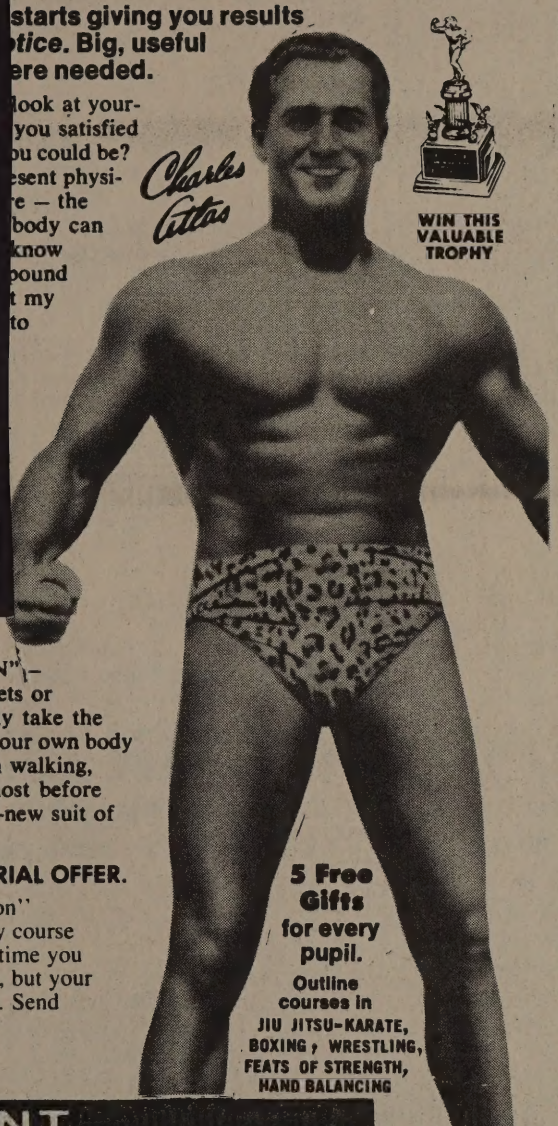

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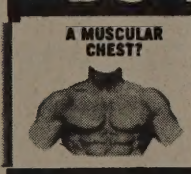

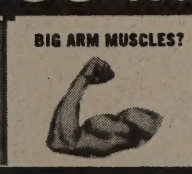

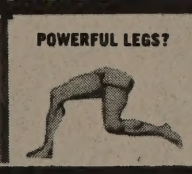

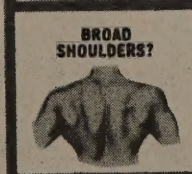

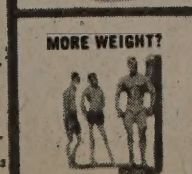

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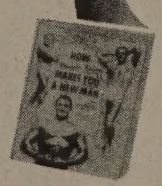

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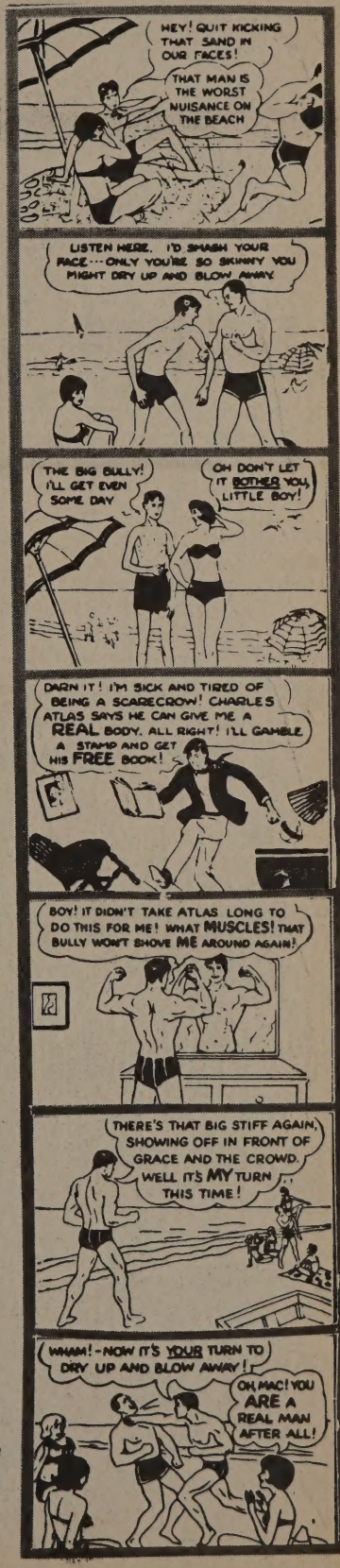
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WE READ YOUR Mail

In a recent issue of **Hit Parader,** some idiot wrote in saying you shouldn't print so many articles on the Rolling Stones. He also said that they're as old as dinosaur shit and that Mick Jagger is a fag. My friends and I are furious! Their music is great and they sure as hell know how to put on a performance. They should not be put down because of their ages.

Debbie Baker
Cleveland, Ohio

I think you write too much about the Stones. Not that their music is bad or anything, but it gets boring after a while.

Cindy Asada
Honolulu, Hawaii

Hit Parader is my favorite magazine. The only thing stopping me from reading it cover to cover is all of the Kiss and Stones articles. For instance, in the April issue there were three Rolling Stones articles! Get serious!

Tucker Nichols
Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania

I'm glad to see that Mick is taking good physical care of himself and won't end up like Elvis Presley.

Tom Gargan
Ocean City, New Jersey

I am so sick and tired that every time I open a **Hit Parader,** I see an article on the Rolling Stones. Those fucking prunes make me want to puke because they're as old as the theory of evolution.

Bart Hobbs
Orland, California

The Rolling Stones suck out the ass. They'll never be as good as Ozzy.

Janice Everson & Merry Steele
Westerville, Ohio

I agree with Geddy Lee of Rush, who told **Hit Parader** that "rock and roll is in pretty sad shape right now." It's tasteless scum like the Cars and the Go-Go's who are responsible for the sorry shape of rock and roll. The Stones have proven their greatness with some of the world's best real rock for the past 18 years. I hate to think what's going to happen after these real rock greats finally break up.

John N. Fisch III
Cripple Creek, Colorado□

Rolling Stones' guitarist Ron Wood: "They sure as hell know how to put on a performance."

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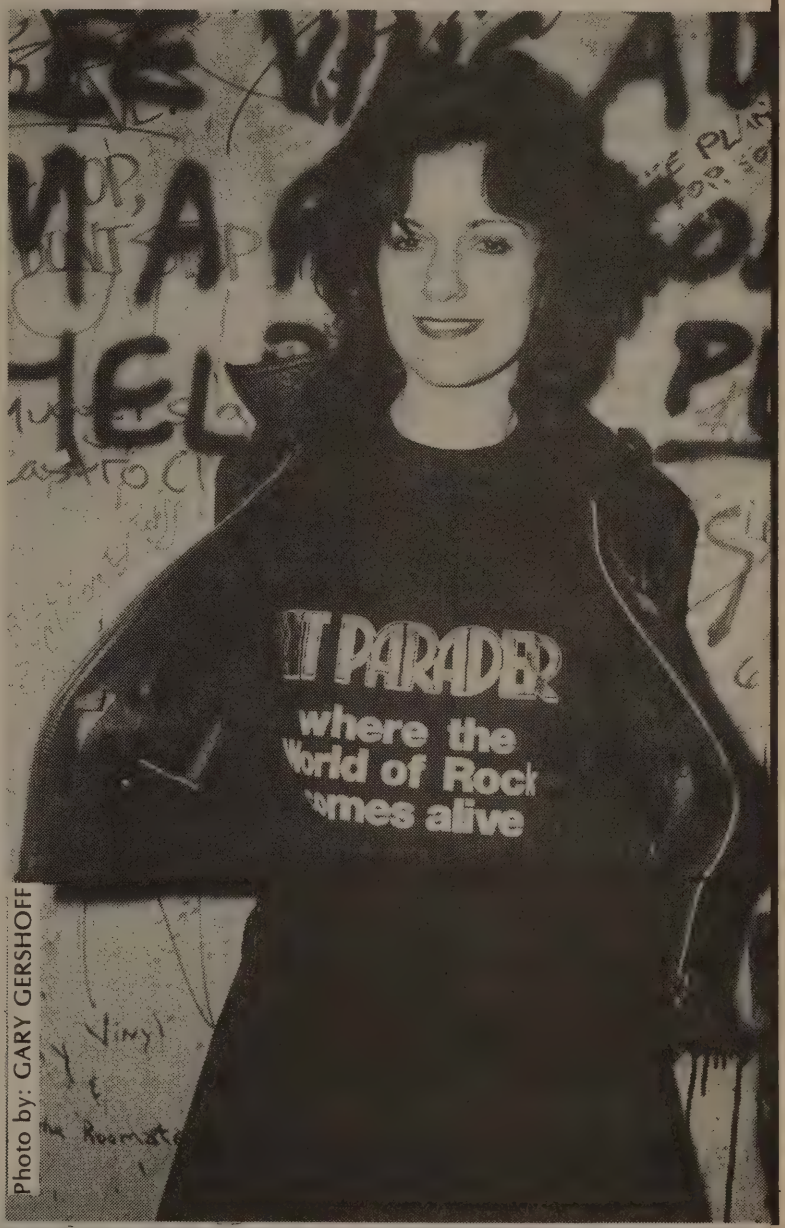

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by Alan Griffith

BILLY SQUIER

A CANDID CONVERSATION

"I Say Yes Very Easily"

In achieving any degree of success, an artist must endure a number of struggles, both internal and external. Billy Squier, who after many frustrating years, exploded in 1981 with his **Don't Say No** album, still finds struggle a part of daily life. Fortunately, his sensitivity and strength make for great hard rock music.

The following is an interview **Hit Parader** conducted with the now-platinum, singer/songwriter/guitarist, Billy Squier.

Hit Parader: How did you first enter the music business?

Billy Squier: I have to say very harmlessly. When I started playing guitar, I didn't think I would end up where I am now, but it evolved very quickly after three years when I saw that this was something worth pursuing. I found myself spending more time playing guitar as opposed to football. I have been involved in the music business for 13 years, but it's been a long process where I've gradually assimilated various aspects. When people say I'm an overnight sensation, they don't see the time I spent making a puzzle, putting all the pieces together.

HP: As a musician, what is your strongest point — music or lyrics or both?

BS: I think both. I don't downplay one for the other because I think they should complement each other. Lyrics tend to be less important in this genre, but since I have an opportunity to say something, I might as well make use of it. Not all of us are given a platform or an outlet for our thoughts.

HP: What are your strongest and weakest points as an individual?

BS: They might be the same thing. My weakest point is that I have a tendency to say yes very easily. People used to say that I considered other people's points of view before considering my own. That may be a weakness, but it is also a strong point. I don't have an isolated view of the world. I do have a strong sense of myself which helps me know what I want. I am willing to take the responsibility for my actions.

HP: Do you find it interesting to relate to people?

BS: Absolutely. People are everything to me and I don't meet enough stimulating people. One of the hazards of this industry, especially when touring, is that you don't get an opportunity to settle in with people. You tend to run with the same people all the time because they are living the same lifestyle as you, so it becomes very one dimensional. I haven't really figured out how to compensate for that, but when I have spare time I try to cultivate with people outside of the music industry.

HP: What kind of people come to see Billy Squier?

BS: Quite a cross-section. A lot of young girls and a lot of guys between 18 and 20 years old. People over 30 come too; I think they grew up the same time I did. I only know my fans as a body, not individually. I never really get to know them because they don't look at me as a person.

HP: Are you open to people who approach you?

BS: If they do it with consideration, for me. If people I don't know start phoning me up at hotels, asking for tickets, I consider that an invasion of privacy. After a show, if somebody asks for an autograph, I oblige, but when I've got several hundred people asking for autographs, then it's a bother.

HP: How does the music industry feel about you?

BS: In the States, the industry people are quite pleased. I've restored a lot of people's faith that new acts can break through. I'm a breath of fresh air, something new.□

Chris Walter

"After a show, if somebody asks for an autograph, I oblige, but then when I've got several hundred people asking for autographs, then it's a bother."

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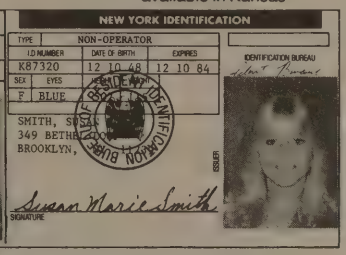

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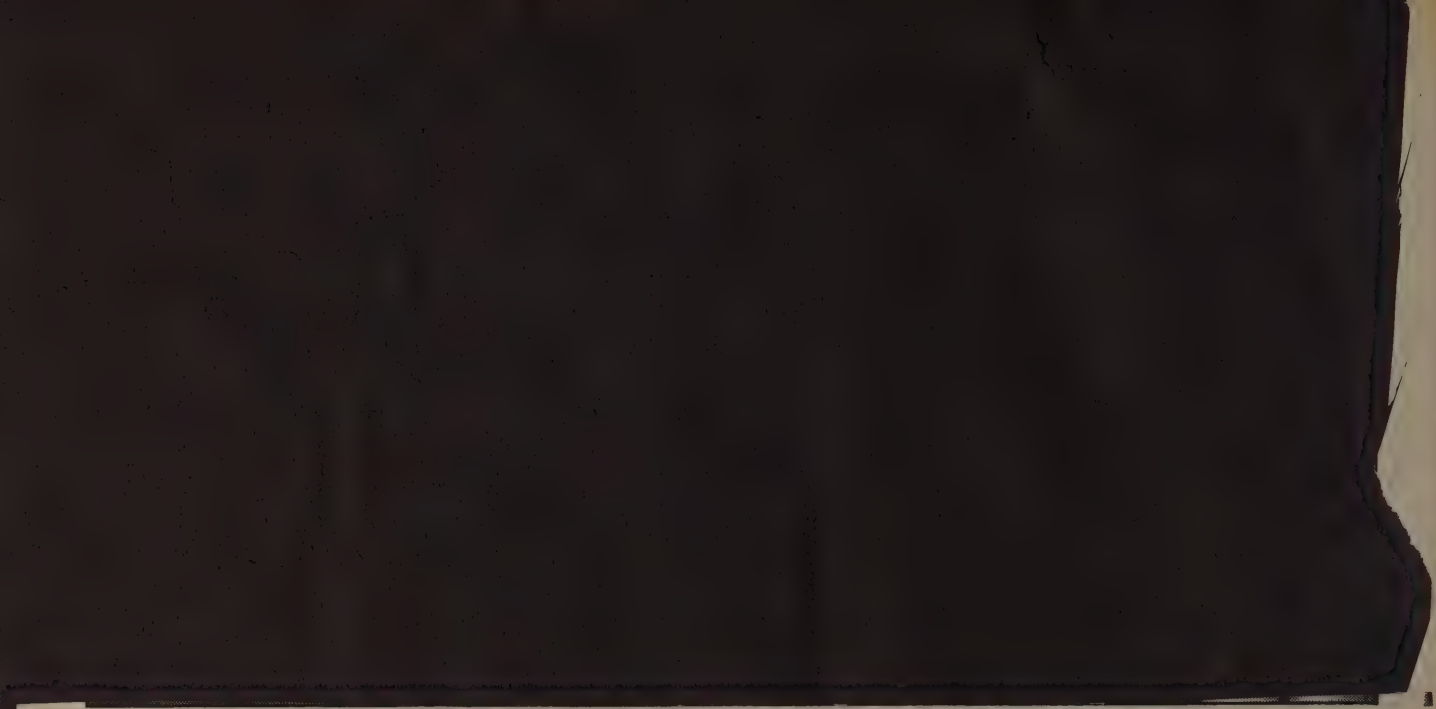


Iron Maiden, from left: Steve Harris, Clive Burr, Bruce Dickinson, Dave Murray, Adrian Smith.

STRANGE DAYS IRON MAIDEN

by Andy Secher

The guy in the black leather jacket was beginning to get on the security guard's nerves. He had been standing in front of the backstage entrance to New York's Dr. Pepper Music Festival for nearly two hours asking the same question over and over again: "Hey, have ya seen the band? I gotta find the band."

No doubt, this guy was a fan. It was 90 degrees in the shade — a sweltering summer's evening — yet his jacket stayed on, serving as a badge of allegiance to his favorite rock and roll band. On the back of the hide was the hand-painted image of a rotting skull surrounded by two words written in bold red lettering — MAIDEN RULES.

Just then a huge black limousine pulled to a halt a few feet from where he was standing and five long-haired figures dressed in T-shirts and jeans popped out. Stunned by the realization that he was now face to face with the people he had waited so long to see, the fan stood dumbfounded, unable to do anything more than gawk in awe.

Bassist Steve Harris approached him, and spying his jacket said, "Hey mate, lookin' good!" The guy responded only with an open-mouthed stare. As the quintet disappeared backstage, the guy came out of his daze and started screaming, "That was fuckin' Maiden. I can't believe it. That was the best fuckin' band in the world."

Iron Maiden attracts some of the most dedicated fans in rock and roll. Over the last five years these hard rockin' headbangers from London have gradually attracted the leather jacketed brigades by employing a sound that's long on volume and short on subtlety. The quintet's latest album, **The Number Of The Beast**, which in title makes reference to the number '666', the biblical sign of the devil, Maiden members Harris, Clive Burr (drums), Dave Murray (guitar), Adrian Smith (guitar), and newest recruit Bruce Dickinson (vocals), seem intent on increasing their loyal following by showing that metal remains a potent force in rock and roll.

"We've always believed that rock and roll should only be played one way, and that's loud," Harris told **Hit Parader**. "When we were younger, we were always listening to bands like Zeppelin and Purple instead of spending the time in school. Those groups were really making music you could sink your teeth into. That's the type of music we always dreamed of making. We've never been interested in dressing pretty like the new romantics or acting snotty like the punks — we just wanted to rock. That's why the acceptance we've received over the last few years has been so gratifying to us. It shows that our efforts are headed in the right direction."

Despite all of the recent success, the last year hasn't been all a bed of roses for Iron Maiden. For reasons that are still unclear, Paul Di'anno, whose shrieking vocals distinguished the group's first two albums, (**Iron Maiden** and **Killers**), split at the completion of the band's last American tour. The group then recruited Dickinson, who as Bruce Bruce had fronted a British metal clan by the name of Samson.

With Dickinson's addition, Maiden has emerged with its strongest lineup ever. Tunes like *Invaders* and *Children of the Damned* on **The Number Of The Beast** perpetuate the band's signature series of high-octane rockers. Dickinson insists, however, that despite the demonic overtones surrounding the album, Maiden is far from a band of devil worshipers, although certain experiences they had while recording their latest album have taught them to respect the power of the occult.

"There were a lot of strange things going on while we were recording this record," he said in his thick Cockney accent. "We'd record a number and the bleedin' tape machines wouldn't work, or we'd find a piece of equipment missing — it was really spooky. But we're really not into the occult that much."

"We just enjoy doing songs about fantasy subjects. It's more of a horror movie mentality than anything else. In fact, if anything, this album is anti-Satan. In our new stage show, Eddie (the rotting corpse that serves as the band's mascot) comes on stage to do battle with the devil, and I can tell you that Eddie really kicks his ass. It's Maiden's way of showing that rock and roll can overcome anything."□

Roots

MICHAEL STANLEY

Each month, *Hit Parader* takes a rock act band to the old neighborhood. This month we take Michael Stanley to his roots in Cleveland, Ohio.

by Anastasia Pantsios

Michael Stanley, the tall, attractive leader of the Michael Stanley Band, lives in an east Cleveland suburb with his schoolteacher wife and twin daughters. His home, which is near a major artery lined with fast-food joints, a bowling alley and shopping strips, is across town from where he grew up and pretty much a mirror image of his childhood haunt.

His early youth was spent in Parma Heights, "one of those new developments where every house looks the same and you have to be careful which driveway you pull into." His family was the typical post-war suburban type: [redacted] who worked first [redacted] jockey, then in [redacted] for WGAR [redacted] giving Mi[redacted] to record[redacted] kids, M[redacted] years la[redacted] When M[redacted] family [redacted] River, [redacted] more af[redacted]

"It wa[redacted] **Father** [redacted] says [redacted] definit[redacted]

Mich[redacted] studen[redacted] girls [redacted]

grades. The girls we don't know much about but he says he played football, basketball and baseball, claiming to have been fairly good in the latter. It was about the same time that he picked up the guitar, initially only as another extracurricular activity. At first, he favored Peter, Paul and Mary-type folk music, but wound up singing in high school bands rather than playing guitar.

"When I asked for guitar lessons, it was the first time my parents ever said no," Michael recalled. "I was famous in the family for never finishing what I started."

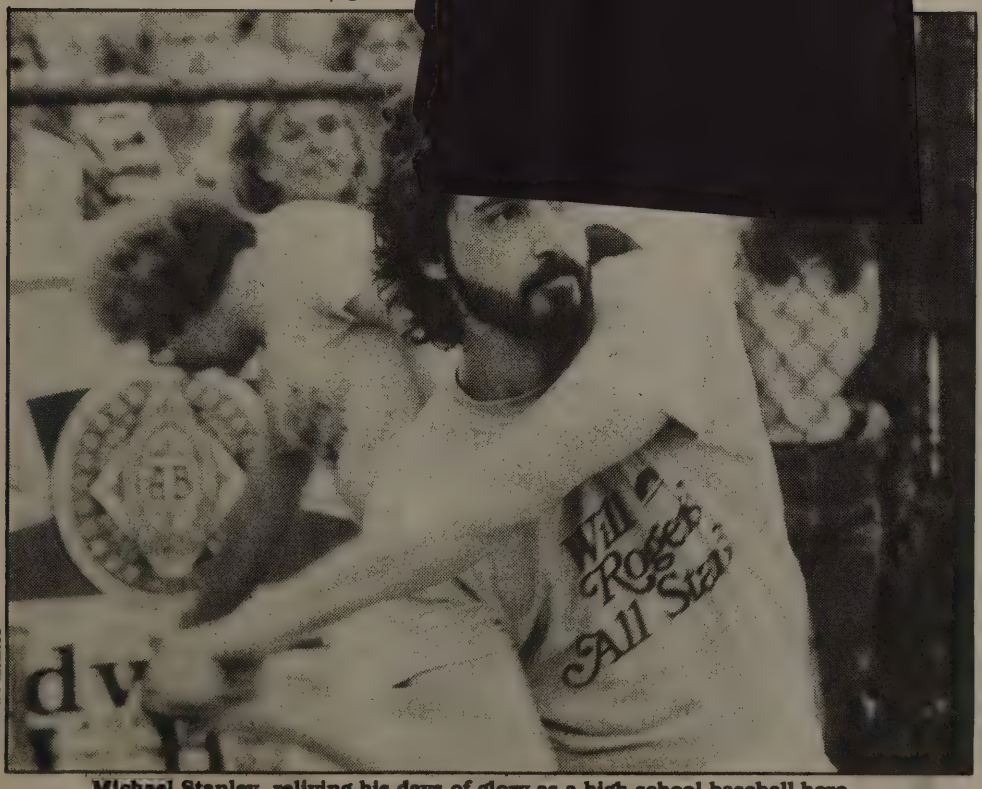
Michael later attended Hiram [redacted] a small [redacted]eastern [redacted] United [redacted]st. His [redacted] be as [redacted] Social [redacted]igion. [redacted]g no [redacted]lics, [redacted] just [redacted]yteri- [redacted] [redacted]e out [redacted]o do [redacted]aybe [redacted], one [redacted]ing a [redacted] He'd [redacted]ends [redacted] when some old friends from high school contacted him about joining the Tree Stumps (later Silk), a popular Cleveland group. They played at some of the hottest clubs in town, among them Otto's Grotto. It was there that they were spotted by a recording engineer from New York's Hit Factory, who had aspirations of becoming a producer. With a brand new A&R job at ABC Records, Bill Szymczyk immediately signed Silk to that label, giving the band a whopping $1,000 advance.

Michael graduated from college with intentions of going to graduate school, but he deferred since he drew a low number in the draft lottery. Instead, he took a job with the Disc Records chain where he'd worked summers while in school. He also got married. So far, he was living up to the American dream.

In four years, Michael worked his way up from clerk to assistant buyer of the 50-store chain. He gave up playing in bands, but kept in touch with Szymczyk who was hot now with the success of the James Gang. With his influence, Michael was able to record and release a couple of solo albums in the early '70s. He made the albums on his vacations from work and he didn't play live to support them. Finally, he had an argument with the Disc stores' owner and was bounced from his job.

"My daughters had just been born," he recalls, "my wife had quit her job, I had just bought a new Audi. I had nothing else to do, so I decided to put together a band with the idea of taking it to the limit."

In eight years, the Michael Stanley Band has grown from an acoustic trio popular in Ohio colleges to a seven-piece band with seven albums and several hit singles under their belt. The whole band's roots are still in the Cleveland area (five are from Cleveland, two from Youngstown) and the band has paid tribute to these roots with the titles of their last two albums: **Heartland** and **North Coast.**□

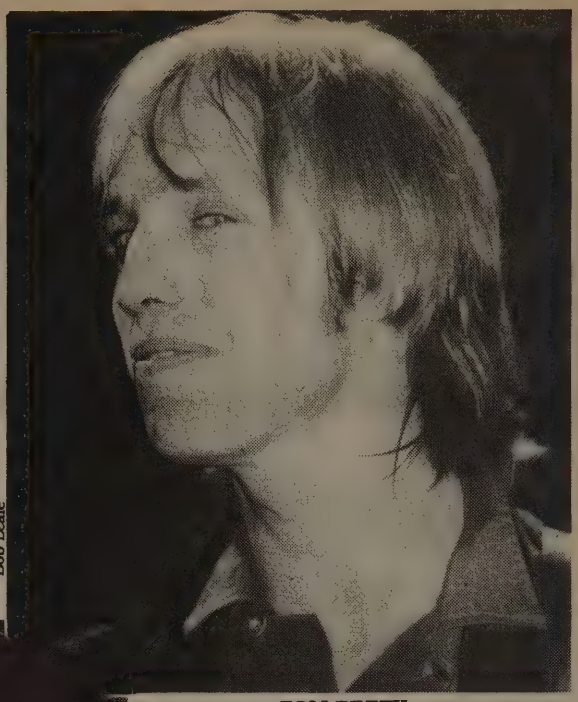


Anastasia Pantsios

Michael Stanley, reliving his days of glory as a high school baseball hero.

Rock & Roll Revue

Hit PARADER'S *spectacular team of photographers capture the world of rock and roll in every imaginable way. From the magic of the concert stage to the comfort of an easy chair, we leave nothing out. The photos on this page will show you what we r*



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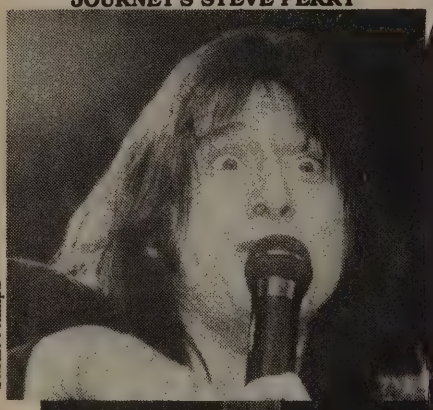
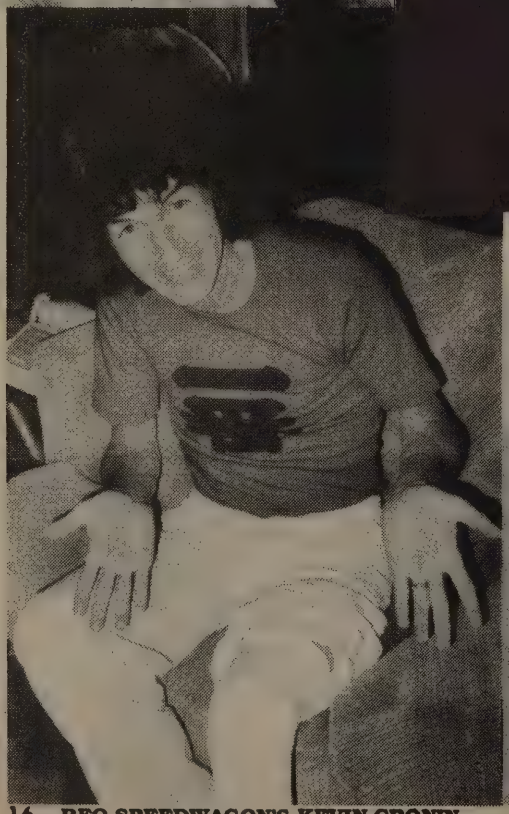
JOURNEY'S STEVE PERRY



Susan Phillips



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CHEAP TRICK'S RICK NIELSEN

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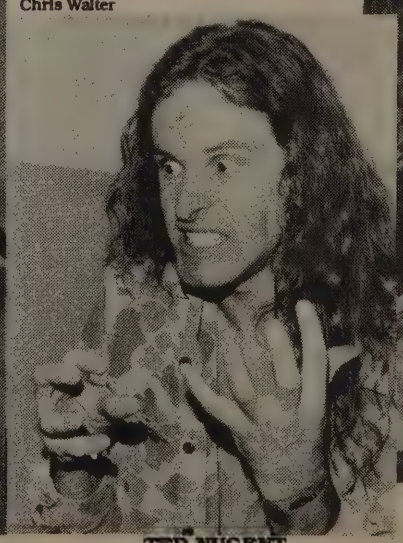

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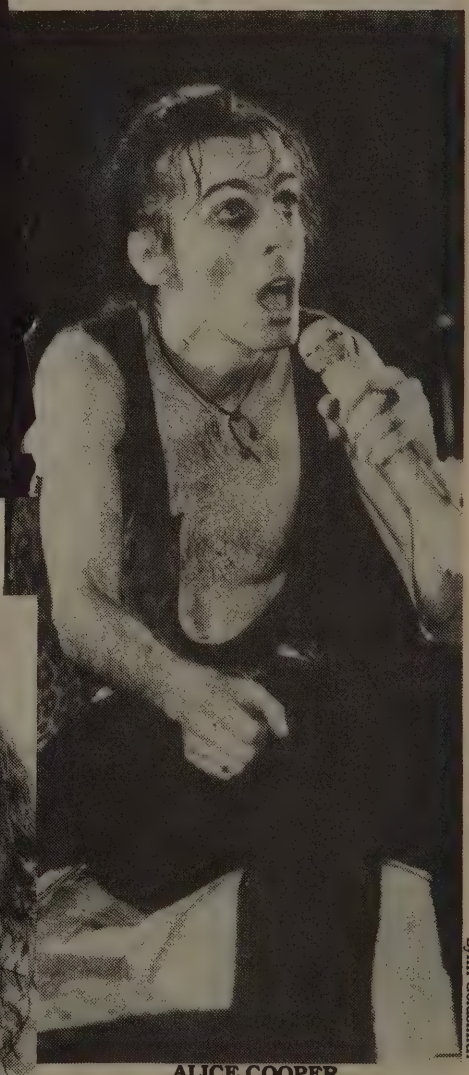

Lynn Goldsmith

ALICE COOPER

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THANK YOU FOR THE USE OF YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Player)

DENNIS LAMBERT
PETER BECKETT

I've been holding on
So much longer than I should
But it's not easy letting go
When deep inside you know
That it used to be so good.

You're the kind of girl
Who's got to make it in this world
So if that is gonna be your one priority
Better walk away from me.

And I just wanted to say
Thank you for the use of your love
It was good while the dream was young
Faded now
I won't stand in your way
Thank you for the use of your love
'Cause there's nothing more precious than time
You take yours
I'll take mine.

I've been looking back
I don't regret a single day
But the woman that you were
I'm still in love with her
And the way it used to be.

So I just wanted to say
Thank you for the use of your love
It was good while the dream was young
Faded now
I won't stand in your way
Thank you for the use of your love
'Cause there's nothing more precious than time
You take yours
I'll take mine.

You'll always be a part of me
Time will never change the way I feel.

I just wanted to say
Thank you for the use of your love
It was good while the dream was young
Faded now
I won't stand in your way
Thank you for the use of your love
'Cause there's nothing more precious than time
I just wanted to say
Thank you for the use of your love.

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GOIN' DOWN

(As recorded by Greg Guidry)

GREGORY GUIDRY
DAVID MARTIN

I get the feeling that I'm in way over my head
I should be careful but I'm goin' deeper instead
'Cause when she looks at me
I wanna run by her side
Anyone could see
A fool could drown in her eyes.
And I'm goin' down for the last time
I'm goin' down for the last time
Goin' down
Out of my mind
I'm nearly out of my mind
Love is comin' over, over me.
It must be magic how she casts her spell over me
Her secret passion's got me charmed
I'll never get free
'Cause when she's holding me
She lights a fire in my soul
Any fool could see
There's only one place to go.

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EMPTY GARDEN (Hey Hey Johnny)

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN
BERNIE TAUPIN

What happened here
As the New York sunset disappeared
I found an empty garden among the flagstones there
Who lived here
He must have been a gardener who cared a lot
Who weeded out the tears and grew a good crop
Now it all looks strange
It's funny how one insect
Can damage so much grain.

And what's it for
This little empty garden by the brownstone door
And in the cracks along the sidewalk
Nothing grows no more
Who lived here
He must have been a gardener who cared a lot
Who weeded out the tears and grew a good crop
And we are so amazed
We're crippled and we're dazed
A gardener like that one no one can replace.

And I've been knocking
But no one answers
And I've been knocking
Most all the day
Oh and I've been calling
Oh hey hey Johnny
Can't you come out to play
And thru their tears
Some say he farmed his best in younger years
But he'd have said the root grows stronger
If only he could here
Who lived there
He must have been a gardener who cared a lot
Who weeded out the tears and grew a good crop
Now we pray for rain
And with ev'ry drop that pours
We hear, we hear your name.
And I've been knocking
But no one answers
And I've been knocking
Most all the day
Oh and I've been calling
Oh hey hey Johnny
Can't you come out
Can't you come out to play Johnny
Can't you come out to play
In your empty garden Johnny.

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DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS

(As recorded by Rick Springfield)

RICK SPRINGFIELD

When you were just a young girl and still in school
How come you never learned the golden rule
Don't talk to strange men
Don't be a fool
I'm hearing stories I don't think that's cool
Why don't you tell me
Someone is loving you
'Cause you're my girl
Some say it's no longer true
You're seeing some slick continental dude
I'm begging you
Please.

Don't talk to strangers
Baby don't you talk
Don't talk to strangers
You know he'll only use you up
Don't talk, don't talk
Don't talk, don't talk
Don't talk to him
Nobody, nobody ever taught you.

Now tell me
How's life in the big city
I hear the competition's tough
Baby that's a pity
And every man's an actor
Every girl is prey
I don't like what's getting back to me
Now who's this Don Juan I've been hearing of
Love hurts when only one's in love
Did you fall at first sight or did you need a shove
I'm begging you please.

Don't talk to strangers
Baby don't you talk
Don't talk to strangers
You know he'll only use you up
Don't talk, don't talk
Don't talk, don't talk
Don't talk to him
Nobody, nobody ever told you.

What you saying baby
I asked you not to talk to him
I'm begging you
Don't talk to strangers
Baby don't you talk
You know he'll only use you up.
(Repeat chorus)

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MAN ON THE CORNER

(As recorded by Genesis)

PHIL COLLINS

See the lonely man there on the corner
What he's waiting for I don't know
But he waits every day now
He's just waiting for something to show
And nobody knows him
And nobody cares
Cos there's no hiding place
There's no hiding place
For you
Looking every where at no one
He sees everything and nothing at all oh
When he shouts nobody listens
Where he leads no one will go oh.

He's a lonely man there on the corner
What he's waiting for I don't know
But he waits every day now
And he's just waiting for something to show oh
Nobody knows him
And nobody cares
Cos there's no hiding place
There's no hiding place
For you and me
Are we just like all the rest
We're looking too hard for something he's got
Or moving too fast to rest
But like a monkey on your back you need it
But do you love it enough to leave it ah
Just like the lonely man there on the corner
What he's waiting for I don't know oh
But he waits every day now
He's just waiting for that something to show oh.

The lonely man there on the corner
What he's waiting for I don't know
But he's there every day now
And he's just waiting for something to show oh
The lonely man there on the corner
What he's waiting for I don't know
But he waits every day now
He's just waiting for that something to show.

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STILL IN SAIGON

(As recorded by The Charlie Daniels Band)

DAN DALEY

Got on a plane in Frisco
And got off in Vietnam
Walked into a different world
The past forever gone.

I could have gone to Canada
Or I could have stayed in school
But I was brought up differently
I couldn't break the rules.

Thirteen months and fifteen days
The last ones were the worst
One minute I'd kneel down and pray
And the next I'd stand and curse.

No place to run to
Where I did not feel that war
When I got home I stayed alone
And checked behind each door
Cause I'm still in Saigon
Still in Saigon
Still in Saigon
In my mind.

The ground at home
Was covered with snow
And I was covered with sweat
My younger brother calls me a killer
And my daddy calls me a vet.

Everybody says I'm someone else
That I'm sick and there's no cure
Damned if I know who I am
There was only one place I was sure
When I was still in Saigon
Still in Saigon
Still in Saigon
In my mind.

Every summer when it rains
I smell the jungle
I hear the planes
I can't tell no one
I feel ashamed
Afraid some day
I'll go insane.

That's been ten long years ago
And time has gone on by
But now and then I catch myself
Eyes searching through the sky.

All the sounds of long ago
Will be forever in my head
Mingled with the wounded's cries
And the silence of the dead.

Still in Saigon
Still in Saigon
Still in Saigon
In my mind.

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I LOVE ROCK 'N ROLL

(As recorded by Joan Jett & The Blackhearts)

JAKE HOOKER
ALAN MERRILL

I saw him dancing there by the record machine
I knew he must have been about seventeen
The beat was going strong
Playing my favorite song
And I could tell it wouldn't be long
Til he was with me yeah me
And I could tell it wouldn't be long
Til he was with me yeah me.

Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come and take your time and dance with me.

He smiled so I got up and asked for his name
That don't matter he said
'Cause it's all the same
Said can I take you home
Where we can be alone
And next we were moving on
He was with me yeah me
Next we were moving on
He was with me yeah me.

Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come and take your time and dance with me.

Said can I take you home
Where we can be alone
Next we were moving on
He was with me yeah me
And we'll be moving on
And singing that same old song yeah with me
Singing I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll
So come and take your time and dance with me
I love rock 'n roll
So put another dime in the jukebox baby
I love rock 'n roll.

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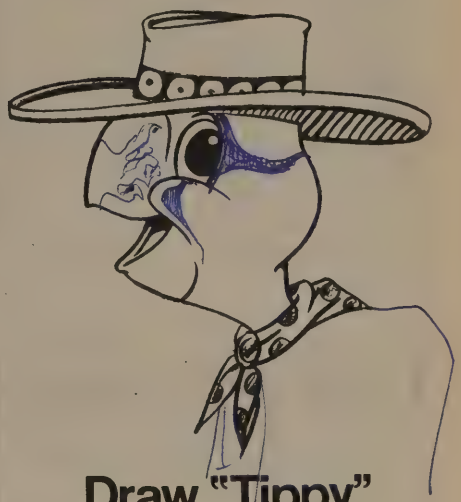

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EBONY AND IVORY

(As recorded by Paul McCartney with Stevie Wonder)

McCARTNEY

Ebony and ivory
Live together in perfect harmony
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

We all know
That people are the same
Wherever you go
There is good and bad
In everyone
We learn to live
We learn to give each other
What we need to survive
Together alive.

Ebony and ivory
Live together in perfect harmony
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

Ebony, ivory
Living in perfect harmony
Ebony, ivory.

We all know
That people are the same
Wherever you go
There is good and bad
In everyone
We learn to live
When we learn to give each other
What we need to survive
Together alive.

Ebony and ivory
Live together in perfect harmony
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord why don't we.

Ebony, ivory
Living in perfect harmony
Ebony, ivory
Living in perfect harmony.

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I'LL FALL IN LOVE AGAIN

(As recorded by Sammy Hagar)

SAMMY HAGAR

You do what you wanna do
I'll leave it all up to you
In time I'll find love again
Hot love growing cold
Just when you thought you'd found a heart of gold
Looks like I've been fooled again.

But it's alright
With me now
I'll get back up somehow
And with a little luck
I'm bound to win
'Cause I'll fall in love
I'll fall in love again.

And you're always sittin' ringside
Just a rollin' with the changin' tide
The tide has washed you from my mind
And I guess you think you've got it made
Oh but then you never were afraid
Of anything that you've left behind.

Oh but it's alright
With me now
'Cause I'll get back up somehow
And with a little luck
Yeah I'm bound to win
'Cause I'll fall in love
Yes I'll fall in love again.

Yeah, yeah, yeah oh yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah oh yeah
I'll fall in love again uh huh
I'll fall in love again baby ahh, ahh
I said now I'll fall in love again
Yes I'll fall in love again.

Here's something to compare it to
Like the little things you used to do
Like giving more than you take
Funny how the reasons grow
Then the very next thing you know
The odds change
Dividing up the cake.

Hey but it's alright
With me now
I'll get back up somehow
And with a little luck
Yes I'm bound to win
'Cause I'll fall in love
Yes it's alright
With me now
I'll fall in love again
Don't worry 'bout me baby
I'll get along somehow
I'll fall in love again
Yes it's alright
Yes it's alright
I'll fall in love again
You do what you want to do
I'll fall in love.

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WHEN IT'S OVER

(As recorded by Loverboy)

PAUL DEAN
MIKE RENO

When you look into his eyes
Comes to you as no surprise
It's always the same
Every time he's out with you
He tries to tell you what to do
You don't need it that way
Sometimes you think you'll play the fool
He's running around breaking all the rules
Somehow that don't seem fair
There's got to be a better way
You know what I'm trying to say
'Cause deep, deep down inside
You really like those total lies
What did he ever do for you
What's he tryin' to put you through
I just don't understand
You showed him love and tenderness
Touched him with your sweet caress
Now he's leaving you
So what's the point
In working it out
Tell me what it's all about
That's why you're saying.

I hope you're with me
I hope you're with me when it's over
I hope you're with me
I hope you're with me when it's over
the lonely
s over
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er.
s gone
d song
go
know
you
you
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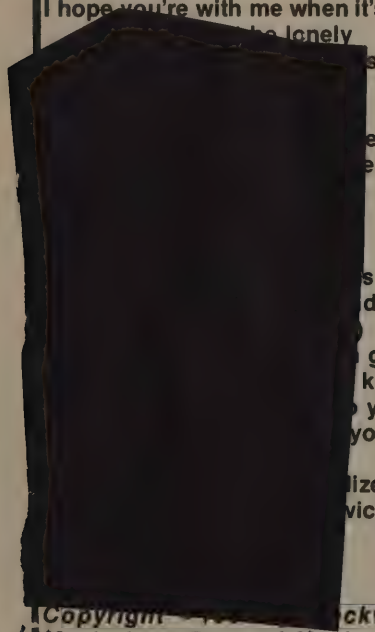

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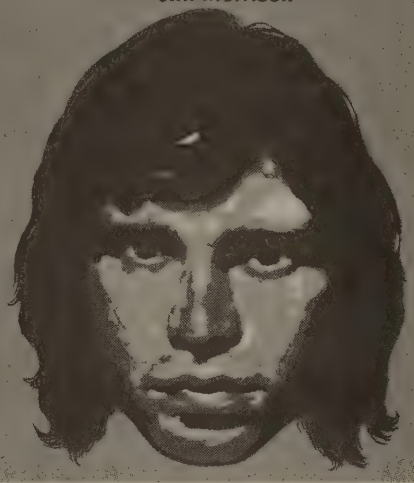

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RIOT ON ELEKTRA RECORDS

Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

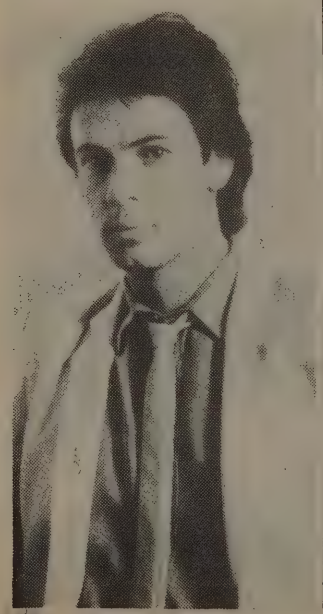
□□□

Rick Springfield
Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet

What hath **General Hospital** wrought? As Ted Nugent said when he opened the envelope to announce the winner of the Grammy Award for Best Rock Performance by a Male, "Read it and weep." Rick Springfield, whose rock and roll career was revitalized in conjunction with his soap opera role, is no fluke. He's captured the pre-*and* post-pubes via his character on the tube, while proving acceptable to the drones running album-oriented radio, too. Even Springsteen can't boast that kind of cross-constituency.

Springfield trots out Springsteen's trademark image, the sneakers, the unshaven face and the gutsy working man stand, on **Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet**, his follow-up to last year's platinum debut, **Working Class Dog**. In place of Bruce's bombastics, Springfield opts for the tinkle of pure pop originals. *Calling All Girls* and *The American Girl* uphold the noble tradition established by *Jessie's Girl*. And like Springsteen, Springfield's sensibility is rooted in the golden age of '60s AM radio; he even covers Los Bravos' *Black Is Black*.

Rick Springfield may be a wimp with nothing to say right now, but he's establishing an impressive eclectic following for when he finally does. This guy may well be a dog, but wouldn't it be funny if Rick Springfield turned out to be the next Beatles? At the very least, he's got Wayne Massey beat hands down. No soap!



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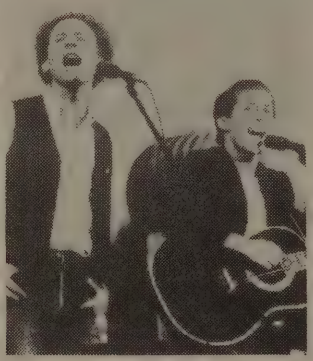
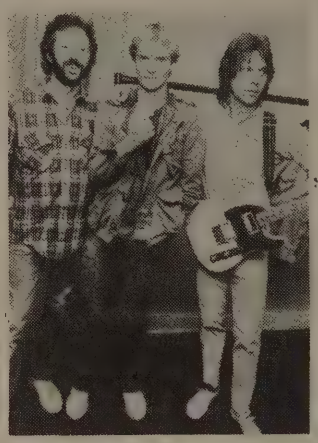
Simon & Garfunkel
The Concert In Central Park
Various Artists
The Secret Policeman's Other Ball

Remember the fabulous 60s? Simon & Garfunkel. The Yardbirds of Clapton, then Beck. Jam sessions. Acoustic guitars. *I Shall Be Released. Universal Soldier.* Donovan.



No, not Donovan. Well, at least the vibes were groovy.

Pop music has always pandered to nostalgia. The very nature of pop is to evoke happier times and help us measure our pasts. Both **The Concert In Central Park** and **The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** seek to capture larger-than-life events. The former, a reunion performance by two ex-folkie partners who'd gone their separate ways ten years ago, after a string of smashes; the latter, a joining of Anglo-rockers past and present to benefit the English chapter of Amnesty International, a worldwide human rights organization. The S&G LP was released with the fanfare of a two-hour cable special, a videocassette and talk of following up the free New York concert for 500,000 with a world tour. The featured performers of **SPOB** — Sting, Jeff



Beck, Eric Clapton, among others — ended up in a film version of their show, too. At least the income from **The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** is slated for a charity. Not that good ole' Artie and Paul aren't entitled to benefit their own hard-working cause as well as spur our memories.

Paul and Artie's get-together turned out to be a rather pleasant surprise. Smart-aleck Simon really did need Garfunkel's soaring, if patently vacant, harmonies to soften his sometimes too-cute, caustic barbs. But Garfunkel and the well-rehearsed 11-piece support band add spunk to Simon's upbeat stuff, too, and after listening to these two heavenly choir boys run through their classic repertoire, I've just about forgotten about the bundles they're making cashing in on their (and our) past.

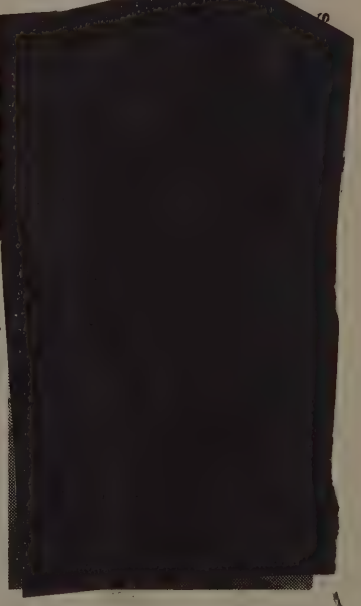
The Secret Policeman's Other Ball also manages to gracefully blend the old with the new, as Sting (without the Police) and Bob Geldof (without the Boomtown Rats) perform off-handed acoustic versions of hits like *Roxanne, Message In A Bottle* and *I Don't Like Mondays*. Add Beck and Clapton enacting what could have been rock history on *Crossroads* and Phil Collins (sans Genesis) what is on *In The Air Tonight* and you have a satisfying little document, even with Donovan's weak comeback performance.

In buying this record you're doing your bit for international human rights, too, which, I guess, entitles you to sing along with the rest of the huddled masses on the album-closing grand finale, *I Shall Be Released*. Don't buy it and you can always say you gave at the office.

□□□

Jimmy Page
Death Wish II — The Original Soundtrack

Buyers beware: You won't find too many *Stairway To Heavens* here. Instead, Led Zep's legendary Jimmy Page indulges some of his electronic whims, synthesizing everything from brass to saxophones, while trotting out ye old bowed guitar and the theramin (that's a musical instrument, not a drug). The opening *Who's To Blame* and the closing *Hypnotizing Ways (Oh Mama)* feature vocals by veteran blooze singer Chris Farlowe, as well as a few vintage-style Page guitar licks.



These two tunes, along with *City Sirens* (co-written by vocalist/keyboardist Gordon Edwards) merely whet the appetite of famished Led Zep fans; the rest of the LP is filled with banal soundtrack muzak, only sporadically reaching the interesting level of Brian Eno-

esque ambience.

As for the way the music works in terms of the movie, that I can't say, having absolutely no desire to see **Death Wish II**. One can only question Jimmy Page's taste in choosing to score a movie with such a detestable theme as vigilantism. I only hope the film's depressingly huge box office receipts are due to the presence of Jimmy Page on the soundtrack, though I doubt it.

□□□

Bonnie Raitt
Green Light

Bonnie Raitt consistently chooses her material tastefully. On **Green Light**, the woman who got her start singing and playing with authentic blues masters like Fred McDowell,

covers songs by NRBQ, Eddy Grant and Eric Kaz as well as a brand-new tune from Bob Dylan himself *(Let's Keep It Between Us)*. The trouble in the past has been that Bonnie's been almost too faithful to her sources, lacking the rocker's killer instinct to take an interpretation over the top and make it one's own. Live, the singer-guitarist seizes the moment, but too often, the talented daughter of Broadway star John would humbly recede into "one of the boys" camaraderie with her fine bands.

For **Green Light**, Bonnie has assembled a real rock-and-roll outfit, featuring Stones/Faces keyboardist Ian McLagen pumping away on his patented barrelhouse piano and former Beach Boy percussionist Ricky Fataar. So, even with the melt-in-your-mouth production by Rob Fraboni, **Green Light** manages to put the roll back into rock, as Raitt churns and yearns through the tight arrangements. *Me and the Boys* and *Green Lights*, both penned by NRBQ's Terry Adams, are snappy delights, with Bonnie's throaty, carefree vocals humanizing and personalizing. The Dylan number remains true to the master even as she takes this throwaway love song and offers the opposite side of the song's man-woman relationship. On *Green Lights*, Bonnie Raitt's blues have turned to tickled pinks. Her relaxed rock may have sounded slack in the past, but right now it seems downright comforting.

□□□

Talking Heads
The Name of the Band Is Talking Heads

This impressive two-record set documents the metamorphosis of New York's leading art-wave band from a quirky four-piece pop group in 1977 to a funky, masterful fusion family, featuring an array of talent, including Nona Hendryx, P-Funk keyboardist Bernie Worrel, baaaaad bassist Busta "Cherry" Jones, King Crimson guitar-whiz Adrian Belew and singer Dolette McDonald, all of whom toured with the band over a year ago.

The first disc takes us back five years to a group tightening its impressive repertoire of material live before committing it to vinyl for the first album. The addition of guitarist/keyboardist Jerry Harrison has already begun to flesh out the bare bones arrangements worked out in performance by David Byrne, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz. These sides, recorded in '76-'77, include at least one previously unreleased track in *A Clean Break*. One could quibble for the inclusion of something from the playfully minimal acoustic trio era, like the band's cover of *1-2-3 Red Light* or even a rare Weymouth vocal, but these

crisp versions do offer revealing insights into what the Heads sounded like without producer Eno's "helping" hand.

Sides 3 and 4 are revelations of a different sort, as the polyrhythmic riffing which sounded rather aimless on the Heads' last LP, **Remain In Light**, comes out bright, satisfying sunshine on this collection. As Byrne alternates whooping like a contented crane or snorting like a pig to the soulful gospel chants of his collaborators, this double live LP captures Talking Heads in all its glorious black-and-white contradictions.

□□□

Carole King
One To One

The Brill Building tradition lives! Too bad it's moved to the Rocky Mountains. Ever since

Carole King left Brooklyn, her lyrics have gone from rooftops and locomotion to clean air and tapestries. But last year's **Pearls**, in which the singer/songwriter provided revitalized updates on Goffin-King classics like *One Fine Day* and *Chains*, showed Carole was set on reclaiming her past. And, now, after her husband's drug OD, King has emerged from her reclusion with a forceful set of EST-yled, therapeutic, self-affirming love songs — as only she can. You can take the girl out of Brooklyn...

The title track reveals just the kind of intimacy Carole hit with *You've Got A Friend* and *It's Too Late*. King's characteristic vocals, never conventionally pretty, have matured with confident mellowness, each flaw and quirk turned into comforting re-reminders of years of companionship. Despite the greeting card banality of some of Carole's lyrics, she urges us to *Read Between the Lines*, where her vulnerability and self-analysis parallel ours.

For much of **One To One**, King stays lyrically aloof, her voice confessing, but her verses protecting. It is only in *Goat Annie* that she tells us what she really thinks about herself — and admits to a lonely, sad existence. Let's hope she can summon up the strength to come back to civilization.

□□□

The Jam
The Gift

The Jam are one of the U.K.'s top bands, with chart-topping records and a following that cuts across England's divisive cult lines. Yet, the group's five LPs failed to bring that success to the U.S., as the band chose not to cater to American tastes in music. The message remains uncompromising on **The Gift**, but this time the Jam took a clue from Brit-cousins the Clash by loosening up the song structures and taking inspiration from the music of the streets: funk, dub, rap and salsa.

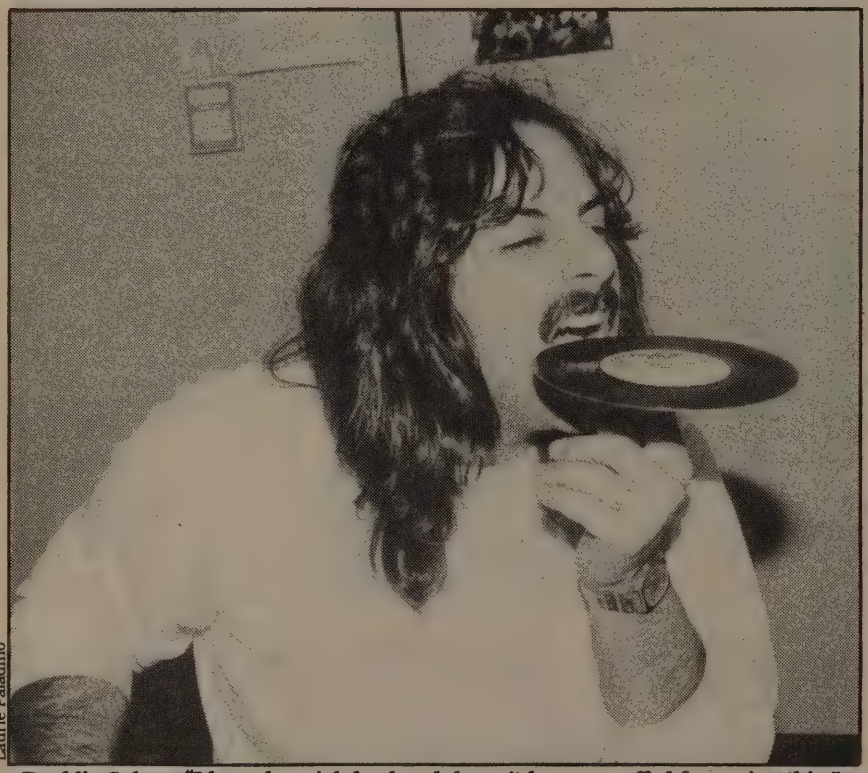
Jam leader Paul Weller is solidly in the songwriting tradition of classic British pop stars like Ray Davies, Pete Townshend and John Lennon. Social critique and Anglo laments mark *Just Who Is The 5 O'Clock Hero?*, *Running On The Spot* and *Trans-Global Express*, the latter an impressively solemn call to worker revolution. While **The Gift** still suffers from that stiff-upper-lip humorlessness, it has been relaxed by the new musical contexts created by Weller, bass player Bruce Foxton and drummer Rick Buckler. *The Planner's Dream Goes Wrong* may be a straight-forward stab at civilization's discontents,

but it uses a cheezy Latin samba rhythm to get its points across more effectively. *Precious* takes a Clash-styled swinging dub break that is all the more thrilling for its unexpectedness. The LP's showstopper, though, is the #1 U.K. single, *Town Called Malice*, which sets the sun on the British Empire to a Motown beat, at once mournfully nostalgic and beautifully liberating.

One almost forgets the Jam began its career imitating the Who; **The Gift**'s sly tribute to American music is the Jam's way of asking for our acceptance. I think they've finally earned it.□

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

with
Outlaw Freddie Salem



Laurie Paladino

Freddie Salem: "I hope her rich husband doesn't have me offed for saying this."

The Outlaws' Freddie Salem says he listens to music all the time, on or off the road. He carries a portable stereo on tour with him, listening to everything from Earth, Wind & Fire to Richard Hell.

While wrapping up his first solo album in New York, *Hit Parader* cornered the fun-loving guitarist and asked him to rummage through a pile of recent 45s and pick out a few things he'd like to listen to. These are his first impressions, since he'd never heard any of these singles before.

I Don't Feel Better, **Martin Briley**

Cool, cool, cool. I liked it over all. Repetitious, nice melodies, great voice and real nice production. People tend to shoot for AM commercial singles when they shouldn't, but if he had taken it in a different manner it would have been better. He should have cut it loose a little more, musically, I mean. Balls out!

Man On The Corner, **Genesis**

Exquisite. The same sort of rock and roll as Martin Briley's record. It's the same kind of mellow song. Phil Collins has a unique voice; you can tell it a mile away. I can relate to it because every day on the corner of 57th Street and 8th Avenue I see this old hobo. All day and night, he's always there, leaning against the newsstand. Somehow I feel Phil saw that guy and wrote the song.

Streets Of London, **Anti-Nowhere League**

I love it. It balls out rock and roll. Very English. It's got a lot of character. It was raw and I like raw, raw music.

Down In The Silvermine, **Diesel**

They gotta be from Ireland. It sounds like the Irish Rovers in the '80s. It's real happy and poppy sounding with good production.

I Wanna Hold You, **Joan Armatrading**

Yeah, that's cool, man. Joan is getting a little more commercial. In this country, she's got a cult following, and I think with this record she's shooting for a crossover. Steve Lillywhite is a great producer. It's commercial without giving up dignity or a previous image.

Take It Uptown, **Bill Champlin**

I've been a fan of his for a long, long time. God, I love that. The line, 'Welcome to the dance,' was the name of one of the albums he made with the Sons of Champlin. I've listened to them for years. That's one of the best voices in the R&B style. I love the hell out of that record. I'm sorry if I sound too nice; even though I'm a down-and-dirty rocker, I liked it. Fabulous. Produced by Kenny Loggins. It's reminiscent of Jimmy Hall and all those blue-eyed soul singers.

Mickey Put It Down, **Bow Wow Wow**

No, no, it's terrible. It's good rhythmically, has nice musicianship, but it's not melodic enough for me. They could have done a whole lot more with that song. There's so much that can be done and so much to learn and nobody's doing it. Bow Wow Wow? It's a dog.

Right The First Time, **Gamma**

No, no. It's not Ronnie Montrose. Ronnie Montrose is a hot rock-and-roll guitarist, one of the hottest in the country. This is not him. This is not preserving your dignity as a musician. This is shooting for a hit single, and he's not going to get it. The first Montrose album was fabulous. Then he did a version of *Town Without Pity* that was awesome. I cannot compare this to the things he did in the past. You shouldn't degrade yourself to get a hit single.

Say Goodbye, **Triumph**

Triumph is known as a heavy metal band, right? Three piece, power band with rows of lights and racks of amplifiers. Well, this doesn't sound like a kick-ass rock band to me. I've seen them in concert blasting. This is artistic prostitution. I don't know if it's the record company or what, but I can't buy that. It's not Triumph.

I'm In Love Again, **Pia Zadora**

No soul. Great production, backup singers, studio musicians, but a soul-less synthetic sounding singer. If you were to put Aretha Franklin, Ruth Pointer or Lulu with this, it'd be a great song. I hope her rich husband doesn't have me offed for saying this...□

Van Halen's David Lee Roth: "Most people over 30 who have kids of their own would be pretty uptight if their kid came home looking like me."

Hit Parader Investigates A Rock And Roll Controversy.

by Toby Goldstein

There's something very disturbing going on lately at rock and roll concerts in the U.S.A., something that isn't part of the entertainment on the stage. It's been happening in small towns and large cities, and is being directed equally against performers and their fans. It's reminiscent of the blind-hate variety of persecution that has scapegoated different religions, political beliefs and private behavior for hundreds of years. And most frightening, it's a campaign based on faith — impossible to factually deny, and often difficult for one individual to resist.

In a buildup of volume and fervor that first became obvious in the mid-1970s, groups of fundamentalist and born-again Christians have decided that a lot of America and Britain's best-loved rock bands are Satanists. They believe that groups including but not limited to AC/DC, Kiss, Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin worship the devil, are anti-God, and encourage their fans to follow suit.

The actions of these groups take different forms and degrees of intensity. Some are content to leaflet the performers and fans with printed tracts warning that rock and roll is the devil's music and a direct cause of some imminent doomsday. Others organize their congregation into picket lines thrown up around arenas that present bands such as Blue Oyster Cult or Blizzard of Ozz, and often harangue ticket-holders as they try to enter. The best controlled of these groups, such as the bunch led by the Peters Brothers ministry, are clever enough to draw national media attention to their anti-rock campaigns. In view of newspaper reporters and T.V. cameras, they hold record-burning sessions disguised as prayer meetings and vow to fight the rock scourge at every turn.

We would prefer to have kept ignoring the actions of these zealots and dismiss them quickly as a bunch of fringe nuts. But their well-publicized activities have affected enough *Hit Parader* readers that many of you have written to express your shock, dismay, anger or confusion about hearing that a favorite band is showing supposed Satanic tendencies.

Richard E. Aaron

Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant, who once shared Jimmy Page's fascination for the occult, now refuses to even visit Boleskin House, believing that it curses all who enter it.

We don't expect to prove to any true believers with closed minds that these top performers are simply members of the entertain-

[redacted]

be able to view the pressure groups as well as the performers more objectively in the future, and will realize the importance of making up your own mind about questions of taste.

Kiss' Gene Simmons is a practiced hand at fending off attackers, and as a long-time rock fan himself, understands that accusations of evil-doing are as old as rock itself.

"The truth is that any band that becomes in any way successful, is damned. Elvis Presley's records were burned, Beatle records were burned, especially after Lennon came out and said that the Beatles were more popular than Christ. He wasn't saying that Christ was a bad guy, just that the Beatles were more popular. I think anybody who becomes famous to any degree gets picked on, either by religious or political idiots — you're a target."

national news program, indicating a universal resistance to the rock culture.

In the thirty years in which it's brought us joy, satisfaction, self-knowledge, risk and challenge, rock has had to fight against detractors. During rock 'n' roll's first era, white supremacist groups tried to stop its dissemination on racist grounds, even though white recording artists actually were most of its biggest sellers. There's very little difference between the Ku Klux Klan raving on in 1956 against "nigra jungle music sold by Jews to promote anti-Christian behavior" and current preachers who see rock's devilish overtones corrupting their own communities. For that matter, one small part of the Nazis' Germanization plans included elimination of impure (meaning foreign or Jewish-composed) mu-

[redacted]

to blame for all of society's ills.

real things that go on in life."

Alice Cooper took flack from the Satin-accusers until he turned up on page one as Bob Hope's golf partner, which took the wind out of their sails a lot faster than any denial from him would have done. For Kiss, the abuse has been a lot more prolonged. But let's face it, if they were really in league with Satin, they might have arranged to have had their last few albums sell better!

Nevertheless, about five years ago someone came up with the brilliant conclusion that Kiss stood for (pick one or more) Kids, Knights, Kings in Satan's Service, possibly the same wit who has since decided that AC/DC really means After Christ, Devil Comes. Once a group has been lumbered with a convenient label, or in the case of Black Sabbath, who used a mystical tie-in as an early promotional gimmick and have lived to regret it, it has three options in responding to the charges — deny it, ignore it, or make fun of it. Rock 'n' roll bands don't get a big charge out of being serious, so most of them throw the absurdities right back, playing 'em up for all they're worth.

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Kiss' Gene Simmons: "Any successful band is damned."

Says Gene, "Of course it's a threat. Rock and roll has always been a threat and that's the strangely wonderful appeal of it, I think. At the very core of rock 'n' roll, it teaches you to change and make up your own mind. You circumnavigate all the things that you're supposed to — in other words, the most famous singers don't sing 'properly,' and guitar players play improperly, drummers hold the sticks wrong. It's very primitive music, and the subject matter often revolves around the one rhyme to the next." The group also told *Hit Parader*'s Andy Secher that their frequent use of the word "hell" in titles like **Highway to Hell** and *Hell's Bells* has a lot less to do with the black arts than with the traveling bar which their roadies set up on the tour bus and dubbed "Gateway to Hell."

Groups like AC/DC, who promote a "bad boy" image as part of their appeal, use nasty words for their shock value. Many of the British Heavy Metal bands are perfectly normal citizens who

Ozzy Osbourne: "I couldn't live with being the Prince of Darkness anymore."

grew up on a diet of gothic horror movies, monster magazines and their own bloody history. Steve Harris of Iron Maiden summed up his band's interests by saying, "most of our stuff is fantasy in one way or another," adding that the group sits around talking about politics or the occult to help them come up with song ideas. British H.M. groups call themselves Demon, or Judas Priest, or Black Sabbath, because they've seen a lot of thriller movies, not because they participate in weird rituals.

Yes, there are groups and soloists who do have a continuing interest in the occult, but so do a lot of other people not in rock 'n' roll who aren't accused of practicing Satanism. Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi admitted to Secher, "We are all somewhat involved with the occult, and we understand the evil as well as the good that is in all of us." But he too went on, in a recent interview, to ridicule those who have never bothered to check that Black Sabbath originally took on its name to gain something a little more charismatic than its original monicker, "Earth."

"We're not really *that* sinister. I think that some people actually expect us to go around performing exorcisms and sucking blood from people's necks. I mean, that's absurd. We haven't done anything like that for weeks!"

Former Sabbath singer Ozzy Osbourne doesn't have too many kind words about his ex-group, including its use of the occult as a vehicle.

"Finally, I couldn't live being the Prince of Darkness anymore," he said shortly after quitting Sabbath. "I've always had this thing about Satan from the time I was small, but I suddenly realized that the Devil isn't this thing with red eyes and fangs and all that crap. The Devil is within us all the time ... As much as I am identified with the devil and black magic and all that shit, I am not a bad person. I am not an evil person or wish harm on anyone."

Whatever one may think about Ozzy's outrageous publicity stunts and his sometimes just plain dumb behavior, Osbourne's curiosity about the occult is probably just another way for him to stifle boredom.

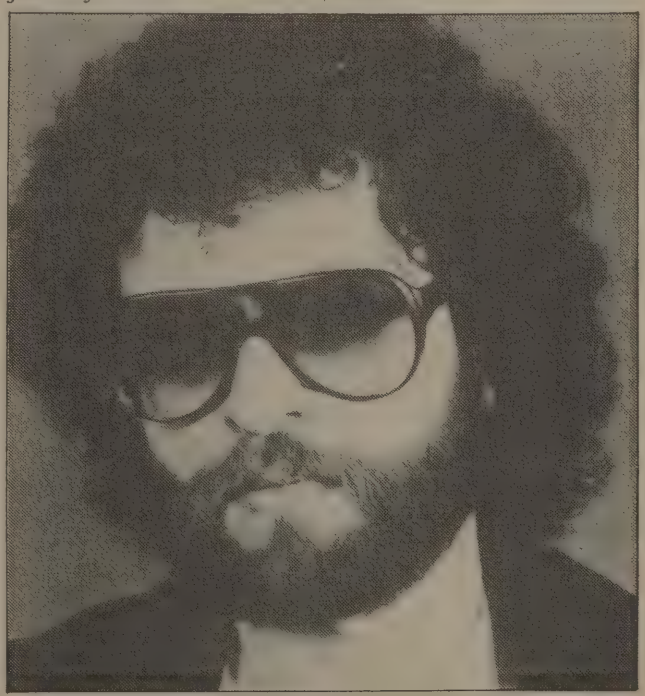
Even Jimmy Page, Led Zeppelin's brilliant guitarist who is often said to be authentically involved with Satanism and the occult, plays down its importance when asked. He told a British music paper, "I imagine black magic is far more sensational than, say, pre-Raphaelite artists. I can tell you far more about their work than the bizarre antics of (occultist Aleister) Crowley, however. If we were really evil, I suppose we'd just put out lots of records and make loads of money. I hope that's not so."

And the bottom line of an artist allowed to prosper or fail on his product is where we're going to rest our defense of this issue. As Eric Bloom of Blue Oyster Cult told this reporter, "Hey, I don't care if these self-styled preachers burn Cult records as long as they buy 'em first. We live in America, where you can act like a jerk if you want."

Gene Simmons is in complete agreement about allowing his detractors to rave on.

"I thank the person who came up with 'Kings in Satan's Service;' he can send me the bill for it 'cause I think it's wonderful. What people who have a cause don't realize is that by talking about all the things you don't want other people to listen to, you're actually making more of them listen to it."

Taken to its conclusion, most performers are willing to let the doomsdayers picket and slander, and aren't the least bit disturbed by their taunts. What does bother them, and it ought to bother any thinking person, is that we are living in a country where, supposedly, everyone has the right to pursue happiness as he or she sees fit. One may find it by being a born-again Christian, another may find it at a rock and roll show. But each person's right stops when a crusader is able to prevent a fan from listening to a record, see a film, read a book, attend a concert, wear a style of clothes or hair, or watch a television show — because *they* don't like it. Removal of our freedom of choice is the only truly evil situation that we do need to guard against.□



Eric Bloom of Blue Oyster Cult: "Hey I don't care if these self-styled preachers burn Cult records as long as they buy 'em first."

TRIUM

Part One

by Andy Secher

It's been said that to qualify as a heavy-metal guitarist, you have to live on a constant diet of drugs, parties and groupies. Although his thunderous riffs have played a key role in Triumph's rise up the rock and roll ladder, Rik Emmett is one guy who breaks the mold. In fact, with his clean-cut good looks and down-to-earth philosophy, one could easily picture Emmett as an advertising executive, rather than one of the world's best hard-rock guitarists.

"I'm not saying I'm a saint," he said, in the living room of a rented Toronto townhouse where he and his wife Jeanette reside while their home in the Toronto suburb of Mississaqua is being renovated. "But I've never believed that you have to walk around with a coke spoon jammed up your nose to prove that you're a rock-and-roll musician.

"It's always been my contention that you've got to take care of yourself if you want to survive in this business. I gave up smoking dope about a year and a half ago, and I can honestly say that I don't miss it at all. I don't even smoke cigarettes anymore.

"I've always been into athletics — track, football, basketball, anything —and I try to stay in shape. Nowadays I play racquetball whenever I get the chance," he continued. "Hell, you've really got to stay in shape to put on a show like ours. We expend an awful lot of energy on stage, and you just can't afford to be self-indulgent."

Many of Emmett's conservative ideas stem from his upbringing in Toronto, a cit
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together to attract girls at high school dances.

"I've been playing in bands since I was 12 or 13," he said between bites on a ham-and-cheese sandwich. "My first band went through about a hundred name changes. We played Beatles and Tommy James covers, but we weren't very good. Then in high school I joined a band called General Mud, where we did a lot of Led Zeppelin songs — I was really getting my Robert Plant shriek down pat.

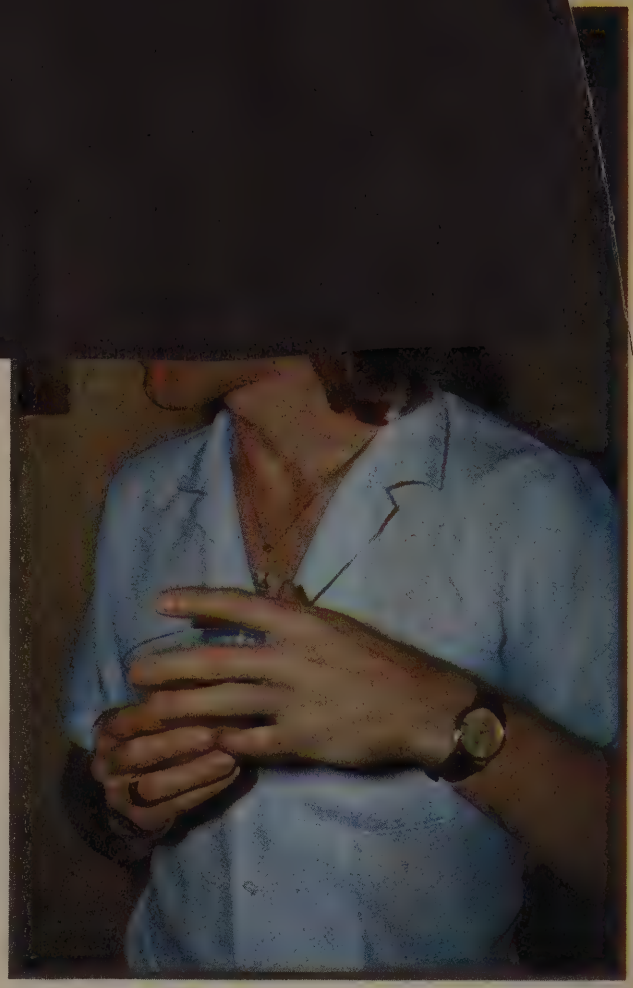
"I was into guitarists like Hendrix, Clapton, and most especially Ritchie Blackmore, and we'd play at dances, weddings, wherever we could get a gig. At that same time I was pursuing a career as a folk artist, playing James Taylor songs at little cabarets and clubs. That was a long way from Triumph," he laughed, "but looking back, each experience played an important part in my musical development."

Although our interview took place while Emmett was on a brief holiday from Triumph's hectic touring schedule, a Triumph concert video has to be mixed, new songs have to be written, and his nerves are on edge awaiting the birth of his first child. This was hardly a traditional vacation.

"Vacation? You've got to be kidding," he laughed. "If working on the music projects weren't enough to keep me busy, my wife and I have been taking the Lamaze natural childbirth course over the last few months. In fact, I just finished putting some Mozart albums on tape so she could have some soothing music to listen to while she's in delivery. I'm also rebuilding my house. It's being ripped apart and totally rebuilt. I'm putting in a sauna, a six-foot sunken tub, a pool table, and a small recording studio over the garage. It'll really be something when we're finished."

Despite his busy schedule, Emmett still finds time for his hobbies, which include drawing and writing. His **Rocktoons** cartoon feature is a regular **Hit Parader** exclusive.

"I've been drawing ever since I was a little kid," he said. "I always used to doodle on my notebooks in school, but I never took my talents seriously. Then my publicist came up to me about a year ago and said, 'I know a magazine that'll print these.' So I said, 'sure, let's do it.' In fact," he added with a sarcastic smirk, "I'd like to go on record thanking **Hit Parader** for their *generous* payments for **Rocktoons.** They've singlehandedly paid for rebuilding my house."□



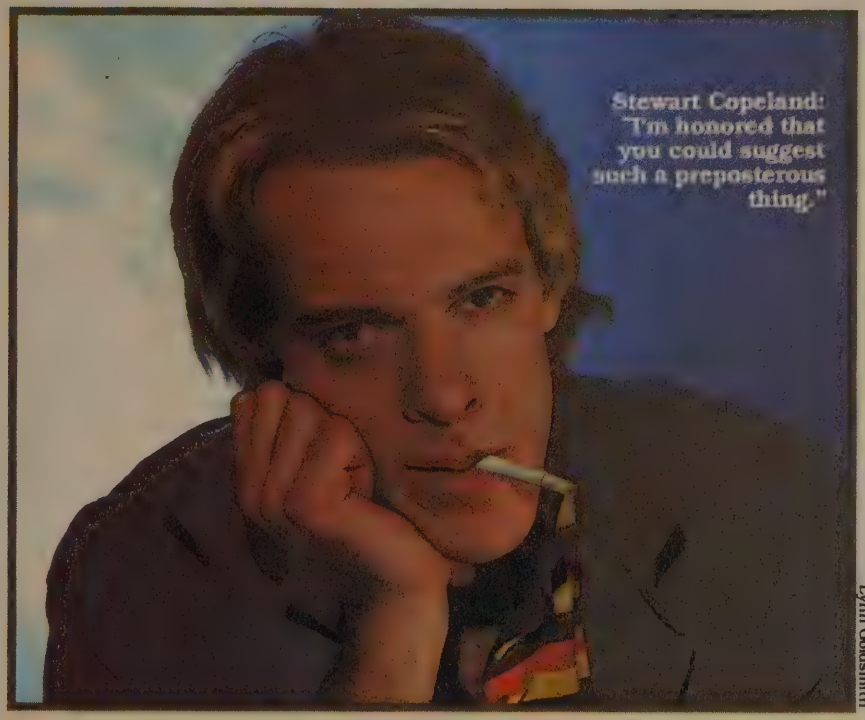
Gary Gershoff

Rik Emmett: "I've never believed that you have to walk around with a coke spoon jammed up your nose to prove that you're a rock-and-roll musician."

POLICEMAN STEWART COPELAND

Part One Of A Three-Part Police Series

by Ellen Zoe Golden


Stewart Copeland: "I'm honored that you could suggest such a preposterous thing."

Lynn Goldsmith

Of the three personalities in the Police, drummer Stewart Copeland provides the most interesting study in contrasts. Sitting on the couch of a luxury tour bus heading down another highway for another show, he embarks on what first appears to be a very serious verbal cruise through my interrogation.

When Copeland tires of the endless series of questions, he aims his face — disheveled blond hair, purposeful stare, and all — straight towards the opposite window.

Are you irritated, I ask?

"Irritated?" he quips, looking in my direction. "No, no, not at all."

Then what is it? What can I ask that hasn't been asked before?

"That's just it," he laughs heartily. "There isn't anything. It's all been *so* covered..."

Realizing our common dilemma, Copeland softens up a bit: "We'll plumb the depths together," he offers. In the end, it is the Police's road manager, Kim Turner — never one to let any of the band's technical problems go unsolved — who offers a tale that probably has never seen print.

"Many, many years before the Police," Turner recalls, "Stewart was road managing my band, Cat Iron. He used to dress up as a cop, get out in front of the stage during our show and say, 'We've got a complaint from the neighbors, so we've got to stop the show and everybody has to go home.'

"All of a sudden, the strobe lights would come on. The lead singer would pull this 15-inch velvet penis out of Stewart's trousers. I'd charge over the drum kit with a huge pair of shears and cut the thing off, and the lights would go black. Then we'd come back and do another song."

Tales like that bring into focus Copeland's true outlook on life. He is basically a deep-thinking, good-looking, agile gent, who well understands the importance of diplomacy with his two equally strong-willed musical partners, bassist/vocalist Sting and guitarist Andy Summers. Such tact is probably the direct result of his upbringing — he was raised by a CIA agent father in Egypt, Syria and Lebanon along with brothers Miles (president of IRS Records and manager of the Police) and Ian (president of FBI Booking Agency). The lessons learned as a youth in "what is politely called the Third World," coupled with the Police's recent travels to poverty-stricken countries like India, have made Copeland realize the importance of smiling in the face of gloom.

"We've seen those people with our own eyes, smelt them with our own noses and heard those cries of anguish with our own ears," he contends. "But, even though those people are living under a car somewhere, they haven't lost their sense of humor."

That ingrained balance between the despair of reality and the power of optimism has made it difficult for Copeland to do more than minimal songwriting for the Police.

"I am a philosophical person," he says, "but I'm into prose, discourse and argument; fitting it into a few sleek lines of verse is not really my style. I like to argue at length, and I'm specific in my thinking. On political issues, instead of thinking, 'I hate the Commies,' I think, 'In this country, this system works, and in that country it doesn't work.' Instead of saying, 'Reagan is an asshole,' I think, 'Reagan has accomplished things in certain areas, and in certain other areas he is totally fucked up.' For writing songs, that's not the kind of mind you need."

Copeland does write lots of songs — and music, too — for Klark Kent, the pseudonym for his solo recording sessions. When pressed for information, he unknowingly sheds his serious demeanor. Replacing candor with hypnotic babbling, Copeland claims to be a member of the Church of Kenetic Ritual, following the path of the great (and fictitious) actor, poet, ballet dancer and rock 'n' roller, Dr. Klark Kent.

"I'm merely a humble devotee of this great man," he rambles, barely cracking a smile.

But you play all the music on the records...

"Ha! I'm honored that you could suggest such a preposterous thing," he maintains with a giggle. "Of course, that is beyond my humble capabilities; I'm just a drummer in a rock and roll band..."

Ah yes, but one with a wild sense of humor...□

UTOPIA
VISIONS OF TOMORROW

Todd Rundgren Swings The Band To Rock

by Bob Grossweiner

Utopia, from left: Kasim Sulton, Todd Rundgren, Roger Powell, Willie Wilcox. Kasim recently left Utopia to go solo.

On **Swing to the Right**, Utopia has delved deep into social commentary. "We did the album a long time ago," says Utopia's prime mover, Todd Rundgren, in his Bearsville studio during a break from recording the band's next album. It wasn't the *de rigueur* thing to make political records then, but it seemed appropriate for us. We were talking and thinking about these things, so we incorporated them into our record."

The anti-war, anti-draft *Lysistrata* is based upon an old Greek play, and although the lyrics are contemporary, Rundgren says that "it's the way human beings have behaved in all epics and ages of history. They get belligerent and politics is an excuse to be belligerent. It really gets down to two people slugging it out in a bar."

To make Utopia's statements even stronger, the quartet delved into photo archives for the latest album's front and back covers, *Fahrenheit 451*, based upon the novel and subsequent film, is about a society that burns books and, in Utopia's interpretation, records. The front cover photo was taken about 15 years ago when John Lennon said the Beatles were bigger than Jesus, and people gathered to burn Beatles records. Utopia substituted **Swing to the Right** for the **Meet the Beatles** LP in the original photo. The back left photograph is of recent vintage: kids in the midwest had a record burning party, instigated by some Moral Majority types. The back right photograph is of a Nazi youth bookburning rally.

When Utopia goes out on tour this summer, the lineup will not include bassist Kasim Sulton, who has left the group to pursue a solo career. His replacement is Doug Howard, formerly of the group Touch, which Rundren produced.

"It wasn't really a surprise," Rundgren says of Kasim. "We knew he was working up to it for a long time. He tried it a couple of times before, but he didn't have a record deal. Now he has a deal, and he's going for the big banana.

"If he had become successful as a solo artist and was still in Utopia, he would have had to quit anyway. We didn't want to have it hanging over our heads that he may become successful and leave us in the lurch when we might really need someone. It was a mutual agreement; we decided it was better to leave when he did than later."

Rundgren's involvement in rock dates back to the Nazz, his first professional pop-rock group back in Philadelphia in the late 1960s. Since then, he has worked with Meat Loaf, the Patti Smith Group, the Tom Robinson Band, the Psychedelic Furs and many others. Rundgren's many projects have helped finance his $2 million video studio in upstate New York. Ironically, one of his first projects has just resurfaced in the recent Janis Joplin compilation album, **Farewell Song.**

"*One Night Stand* was an outtake, and I can't be proud of it as a producer," Rundgren said of his one track. "It was never completed. We went in and did a session, and no one was particularly charmed about what we did. It was an afternoon's worth of vocals, which was referenced and shelved."

"Janis was a personality. I don't think she was seriously into music except from a performance aspect. While I was working with her she spent a lot of time jerking everyone around. She would be in her bedroom, and call us on the phone at rehearsal and say she couldn't make it because she was at the police station. She was not a great deal of fun to work with because she really didn't think like a musician. She wanted to breathe in, have it all happen, and then breathe out again."

Twelve years later, Janis' utopian life-style doesn't exist. The only utopia is Rundgren's Utopia...□

Sheila Rock

two days.

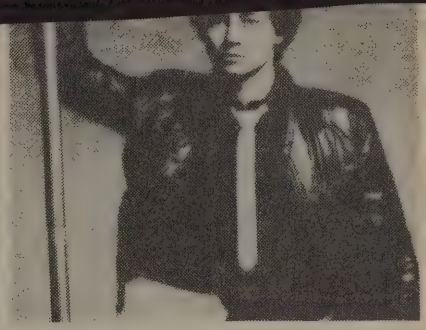
Gil Weston has since replaced Williams, and the new lineup is enjoying the success of its third album, **Screaming Blue Murder** in the U.K. **Hit And Run** introduces Girlschool to America.

Romeo Void

Debora Iyall met Frank Zincavage, a fellow student at the San Francisco Art Institute, in a bar and began talking about music. Finding the common chord, they started experimenting with Iyall's lyrics, Zincavage's bass lines and a rhythm box. After a couple of weeks, the nucleus of Romeo Void was born.

Iyall recruited saxophone player Benjamin Bossi, a former meat slicer at a local deli, guitarist Peter Woods, whom she knew from her only previous group, the Mummers and the Poppers, and drummer Larry Carter. The quintet began playing new wave rooms, like the Savoy Tivoli and the Mabuhay Gardens, before attracting the

attention of a local record company, who signed Romeo Void and released an album, **It's A Condition,** and an EP, **Never Say Never.** The art-minded new wave group is now the toast of the coast.



Guidry was born 32 years ago in St. Louis. By age five, he was singing in a family gospel group organized by his mother, who also sang at church functions and other local events. Guidry joined local rock bands as a teenager, but later took piano lessons and began writing songs. His material has been recorded by the Climax Blues Band, Robbie Dupree and England Dan & John Ford Coley. Guidry is now concentrating on his own career.

"I want to be a viable artist, one with a lot of hits, but who can sell LPs too," Guidry said. "Mass acceptance is what I'm definitely going for."□

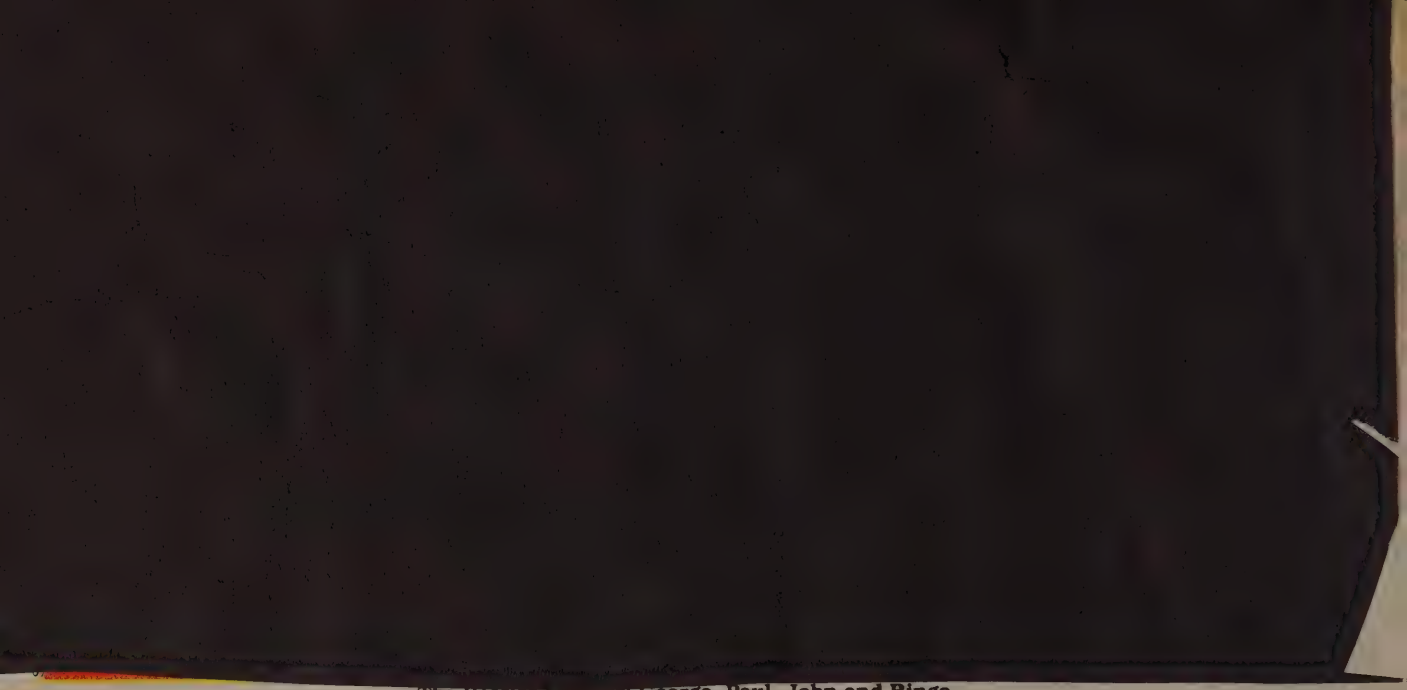
The Human League

Electronic pop music is the biggest rage in England with the likes of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Soft Cell and now the Human League, a six-piece vocal and synthesizer group with a string of hits back home.

The original Human League formed in 1977 when computer operators Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware teamed up with porter Philip Oakey. None were musically trained, but were united by a desire to create electronic pop. In 1978, after playing their hometown of Sheffield, the Human League began

releasing singles and albums on small British record labels. Towards the end of 1980, however, differences over the direction of the music split the group. Oakey and Adrian Wright, who had programmed slide show accompaniment to the music, retained the band's name and started again from scratch.

The Human League consists of vocalists Oakey, Joanne Catherall and Suzanne Sulley and synthesizer players Wright, Ian Burden and Jo Callis. The group is now getting American attention with *Don't You Want Me* from its first American album, **Dare.**



The Beatles, forever: George, Paul, John and Ringo

THE BEATLES

by Charley Crespo

PICTURE PERFECT

With the release of *Reel Music*, the Beatles are once again high on the charts, as radio stations compete rigorously, saturating the airwaves with magical Beatles' melodies. Not to be outdone, *Hit Parader* presents John, Paul, George and Ringo, as they talked about their films. Somehow, it feels like yesterday.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)

In **A Hard Day's Night,** someone asks John, "How do you find America?" and he answers, "Turn left at Greenland."

A Hard Day's Night was initially conceived as a depiction of an exaggerated day in the life of the Beatles. The black-and-white film opens with the Fab Four being chased by fans onto a train where they share a compartment with an uptight businessman. When he turns off their transistor radio because it's playing pop music, the Beatles razz the proper gentleman, asking him for a kiss, making faces at him. While the film shows the group repeatedly looking for ways to escape hordes of screaming fans, this scene portrays another generation, untouched by the pop revolution.

The movie was a hit, as was the soundtrack album and the title song.

"We did have a lot of offers beforehand to make films," Paul said in a press conference in 1964. "They wanted us to just be the group in the back, or just pass through the film and sing a couple of songs, but we didn't want that. We've never enjoyed that sort of film. So we waited until we had a reasonable offer."

John continued: "We didn't want to make a fuckin' shitty pop movie. We didn't want to make a movie that was going to be bad, and we insisted on having a real writer to write it."

A Hard Day's Night is a classic, as brilliant now as it was 18 years ago.

HELP (1965)

Help! again cast the Beatles as themselves, this time romping through the Austrian alps and Bahamian beaches. Unlike **A Hard Day's Night** documentary style, **Help!** had an imaginary adventure filled plot, much like those in Abbott and Costello movies. A mad scientist battled thugs from a fanatical Eastern religious cult for a sacred ring in Ringo's possession.

Near the beginning of the film, the Beatles go home to what appears to be a row of houses next to one another. Each band member opens a door and walks through, but the viewer then sees that all four doors lead to one big room where the Beatles reside together. Their lives were well symbolized here; attempts to live or work independently led to common ground.

"**Help!** was a drag, because we didn't know what was happening," John said. "We were on pot by then, and all the best stuff was on the cutting room floor, with us breaking up and falling about all over the place."

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR (1967)

The Beatles' film company — Apple Films — spent $100,000 to make a television special called **Magical Mystery Tour**, a rambling, colorful plotless project that had the Beatles and a variety of people going for a ride on a modern yellow bus. American television passed on it, and the film wasn't seen in the states until it turned up at revival movie houses and rock and roll conventions.

Made entirely by the Beatles, the film was largely improvised, as the entourage meandered through the south of England.

"We didn't worry that we didn't know anything about making films and had never made one before," Paul once said. "We realized years ago you don't need knowledge in this world to do anything. All you need is sense, whatever that is."

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)

Accomplished animator George Duning, graphic designer Heinz Edelman and special effects expert Charles Jenkins took a col-

lection of old and new Beatles songs and used them as a starting point for **Yellow Submarine**. Here, John, Paul, George and Ringo, in the form of psychedelic cartoon characters, save the people of the utopian Pepperland from the invading Blue Meanies.

In bright, colorful animation, the Blue Meanies attack Pepperland with fantastic artillery. The Meanies, who are out to crush all the world's positive forces, place a blue bowl around Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band so no one can hear them. Old Fred, the Lord Admiral, guides a yellow submarine to Liverpool, where he recruits the Beatles as allies. The journey to Pepperland is a cinematic eye-popper, as are the Beatles various efforts to save the struggling land.

It is interesting to note the political implication of **Yellow Submarine**, where the Beatles actively, even heroically, foil an imperialistic force transgressing against an English - style monarchy. This traditional, conservative stance indicates that perhaps the Beatles weren't as politically threatening as adults initially thought.

LET IT BE (1970)

Director Michael Lindsay-Hogg froze the Beatles' final days in celluloid with **Let It Be**. The 90-minute documentary, which centers around the recording sessions for the **Let It Be, Hey Jude** and **Abbey Road** albums, was intended for use as a television special. It was finally released as a feature film about a year after the shooting.

"We realized years ago you don't need knowledge in this world to do anything."

At the time of the filming, rumors of a breakup were rampant, and the film emphasized that probability. While creative moments were captured, the Fab Four were often seen quibbling, sulking, complaining and generally intolerant of one another. The closing scene in which the Beatles perform an impromptu mini-concert, their first public performance in years, was to be the Beatles last as a unit.

"It was hell making the film **Let It Be**," John said later. "When it came out, a lot of people complained about Yoko looking miserable in it. But even the biggest Beatles fan couldn't have sat through those six weeks of misery. It was the most miserable session." □

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Although *Help!* was a huge success, according to John: "All of the best stuff was on the cutting room floor."

HEAVY METAL HAPPENINGS

by Andy Secher

***Heavy Metal Happenings* is a new *Hit Parader* column designed to give insight into the world of rock and roll. In the coming months, we will give you up-to-the-minute info on all your favorite performers — at home, on the road and in the studio. If it's happening, you'll read it here!**

Rumors continue on the Led Zeppelin front. It now seems almost certain that solo albums from both Robert Plant and Jimmy Page will be released this summer, and a story out of London indicates that Page has agreed to appear on Plant's album. Is this the first step in Zep's rebirth?

****

Billy Squier has finished recording material for his next album, but as long as **Don't Say No** stays near the top of the charts there's no reason to rush its release. "I'll just keep busy touring and working on new songs," Squier told **Heavy Metal Happenings.** He'll cross the country this summer as a special guest on the Queen tour.

****

Bruce Brookshire of the Southern hard-rock band Doc Holliday explains what it's like spending two months as the opening act for Black Sabbath: "Man, they attract a weird crowd. Back in Georgia a lot of those people would'a been condemned by the Board of Health."

****

Brian Johnson reports that during AC/DC's recent American tour the band found themselves holed up in a Florida senior citizens hotel. "It was winter, and I guess every other place was booked," he said. "It was like the elephant's graveyard — the place where old Americans go to die. All the old ladies thought we were so cute, and they were always bringing us things to eat. It was like having your mother on the road with you."

Judas Priest — from Harley Davidson

It is rumored that Van Halen took a whole day to write the material for their new album **Diver Down** — the most time the boys have ever taken to get their stuff together. "When you get older things just don't come up as quickly," Golden Boy David Lee Roth explained with a smirk.

****

Speaking of the Golden Boy, when Van Halen's not on the road ol' David Lee still lives at home with his parents. We've been told his mom makes a great pot roast.

****

Foreigner was originally supposed to end their tour (which began last July) in March, but, according to vocalist Lou Gramm, things have been going so well that the band just doesn't want to stop. "After the trouble we had on the last tour, it's just a pleasure to get out there night after night and have a good time."

Judas Priest's Rob Halford is thinking about getting rid of his infamous black Harley motorcycle. "It's getting a little old," he explained. "I'd like to get a Sherman Tank, but I hear they're pretty hard to transport on the road."

****

During the Stones' recent U.S. tour, Mick Jagger made an extra effort to avoid groupies and other assorted females who were waiting to throw their bods at his feet. "I guess he's saving himself for marriage," a Stones confidant reported.

****

HEAVY METAL HEAD SCRATCHER: When Jimmy Page first joined the Yardbirds, what instrument did he play? (Answer next month)

****

Apparently, Steve Walsh's departure from Kansas was very amicable. "It was all quite friendly," a record company source told **HMH.** "It was just the right time for him to make his move. He'd been considering it for quite a while. He's still friends with all the guys in the band."

****

For those of you who want to get in touch with Journey, you can write to them at: P.O. Box 404, San Francisco, CA 94101. All requests for locks of Steve Perry's hair will be honored on a first-come, first-serve basis.

****

Keep those cards and letters coming! If you have any questions or comments about **Heavy Metal Happenings,** or if anything has happened in your town that you think your fellow headbangers would like to hear about, drop me a line at: **Heavy Metal Happenings,** c/o **Hit Parader,** Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.□

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

Exclusive Feature: Top Ten Countdown of the Hitmakers

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turn-tables of today's most popular artists. This month we present the lists of three hot guitar pickers: Rick Derringer, Billy Burnette and Aldo Nova.

compiled by Bob Grossweiner

RICK DERRINGER, guitarist, bassist, vocalist (formerly with the McCoys, Edgar Winter's White Trash)

1. **Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers,** Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers
2. **Van Halen,** Van Halen
3. **Let It Bleed,** the Rolling Stones
4. **Houses of the Holy,** Led Zeppelin
5. **Blow By Blow,** Jeff Beck
6. **Outlandos d'Amour,** the Police
7. **The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars,** David Bowie
8. **Believe It,** the New Tony Williams Lifetime
9. **Barefoot Ballet,** John Klemmer
10. **Ray Charles' Greatest Hits,** Ray Charles

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Sports Challenge

This month: The Invasion of

JOHNNY VAN ZANT

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

"I play Space Invaders at *every* truck stop," Johnny Van Zant warned as we lined up quarters for the video game. The 21-year-old rock singer, leader of the Johnny Van Zant Band, had just spent months on the road as opening act for Journey and fellow Floridians Molly Hatchet. Sex and drugs are usually the road necessities for rock stars, but Van Zant drove his fellow musicians nuts with his frequent calls for Space Invaders pit stops.

"Is that a Molly Hatchet pinball machine?" he kidded, referring to the artwork on a headboard that looked like that group's album covers. "Oh, it's Black Knight."

The **Hit Parader** *Sports Challenge* was a near draw, with Van Zant staying slightly ahead of his favorite rock and roll magazine. At the end of the three-turn game, the margin was slim, but Van Zant nosed-up to the bonus mark and won an extra turn, widening the final score — 1,800 to 900. A second match was almost identical to the first.

"I'll play you again anytime," Van Zant boasted with a laugh. "You play pool? Five card?..."

Van Zant is now enamored with a relatively new video game called Defender. We both gave it a few quarters, but the game is too new for serious competition.

"That's a bad little bugger," he said in a southern drawl. "I'm gonna get better at Defender. I can tell you that right now."□

MOTELS

MODERN PROBLEMS

by David Gans

Chris Walter

The Motels' Martha Davis: "Everybody in the band had to swallow a large ego pill."

Move over, Bette — *Martha* Davis eyes are the peepers to watch in '82. With her wild hair, expressive voice and those piercing eyes plus four versatile musicians behind her, Martha Davis and The Motels have been riveting audiences from coast to coast following the release of their third Capitol album, **All Four One.**

"This is our *second* third album," says Marty Jourard, The Motels' saxophonist/keyboardist. "We finished the first version and turned it in, and the record company said it wasn't good enough — or commercial enough, or whatever you-want-to-call-it enough. We brooded about it for a week, then we decided if Capitol was willing to give us another shot at recording it, we ought to take it."

Complicating matters was the departure of guitarist Tim McGovern. When his romance with Martha ended, it very nearly shattered the band.

"A love affair and fights at home is one thing, but when it starts coming on-stage, it's *wrong*," says Martha.

"Tim had a lot to do with the first version of this album, and when that chapter was over, we realized that we had nothing to show for all that fucking work," says Jourard.

"We had already spent six or seven months making the first version of the album," says Martha. "We had to do something, and we had to do it fast."

Producer Val Garay brought in additional musicians to augment The Motels' lineup — Davis, Jourard, bassist Michael Goodroe and drummer Brian Glascock.

"Everybody in the band had to swallow a large ego pill," says Martha. "Basically, we doubled up on everything: We got another keyboard player, another drummer, another bass player, and Val used a studio guitar player because we didn't have time to bring in a new band member." (Guy Perry, formerly of the New York band Elephant's Memory, joined The Motels in time to play on two of **All Four One's** 10 songs.)

"At first, it was a total disaster," says Martha. "We'd been a five-piece musical group — a *band* — and all of a sudden we were an eight-piece, and people were sitting around watching television while somebody else played what they should have played.

"We had to pull together and realize that the most important thing was getting the music across," says Martha, fixing her intense eyes on the interviewer. "We have to take care of business now. The people at Capitol have done so much for us already that it would have been really shitty if we copped an artistic vibe and demanded that they put out the music that gets us off but might not get the masses off. It's hard to make a record that is both commercially viable and artistically satisfying."

Marty Jourard is equally philosophical about **All Four One:** "We had to re-record the album in a hurry, and the important thing was to get the *songs* across. There's nothing wrong with playing with other good musicians — you're trying to make a hit album, so you do what it takes."

All Four One, eleven months in the making, features the songwriting of Martha Davis with contributions from Jourard (*Take The "L" Out Of Lover*), ex-Motel McGovern (he co-wrote *Tragic Surf*, which Martha characterizes as "the *Tell Laura I Love Her* of the beach set"), and session keyboardist Steve Goldstein (*Change My Mind*, co-written with Martha). The latter song is a departure for The Motels, a slow and bluesy number featuring string bass, acoustic guitars and a haunting sax solo by Jourard. Martha's tunes — *Apocalypso, Mission of Mercy, Only the Lonely, Forever Mine* and two others — are powerful, clever and slightly bent vignettes of life in these peculiar times as seen through those Martha Davis Eyes.□

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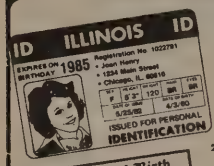

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COMING HOME

(As recorded by Bryan Adams)

BRYAN ADAMS
JIM VALLANCE

All those nights I've spent alone
Uninspired and tired and wasted
There's lots of times I'd have telephoned
I couldn't find the words to say
I'm coming home
Lord I'm coming home.

I'll make it short I'll make it sweet
And make it up to you and me
I'm not the same guy I used to be
What can I do to make you believe that.

I'm coming home
Oh I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Yeah I'm coming home
Only seems like yesterday
You and I were saying goodbye
Now I'm just a few miles away
Gonna see you tonight.

I've been alone and I lived the pain
I reached for you in desperation
I was wrong I'll take the blame
I need you back
Now I just can't wait.

I'm coming home
Oh I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Yeah I'm coming, coming
Wait it out
I'm just coming home.

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RUN FOR THE ROSES

(As recorded by Dan Fogelberg)

DANIEL FOGELBERG

Born in the valley
And raised in the trees
Of Western Kentucky
On wobbly knees
With Mama beside you
To help you along
You'll soon be a-growing up strong.

All the long lazy mornings
In pastures of green
The sun on your withers
The wind in your mane
Could never prepare you
For what lies ahead
The run for the roses so red.

And it's run for the roses
As fast as you can
Your fate is delivered
Your moment's at hand
It's the chance of a lifetime
In a lifetime of chance
And it's high time you joined in the dance
It's high time you joined in the dance.

From sire to sire
It's born in the blood
The fire of a mare
And the strength of a stud
It's breeding and it's training
And it's something unknown
That drives you and carries you home.
(Repeat chorus)

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FANTASY

(As recorded by Aldo Nova)

ALDO NOVA

City nights
Summer breeze makes you feel alright
Neon lights
Shining brightly make your brain ignite
See the girls with the dresses so tight
Give you love if the price is right
Black or white
In the streets there's no wrong and no right.
So forget all that you see
It's not reality
It's just a fantasy
Can't you see
What this crazy life is doing to me
Life is just a fantasy
Can you live this fantasy life.
Outasite
Buy your kicks from the man in the white
Feels alright
Powder pleasure in your nose tonight
See the men paint their faces and cry
Like some girl it makes you wonder why
City life
Sure is cool
But it cuts like a knife
It's your life.

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Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

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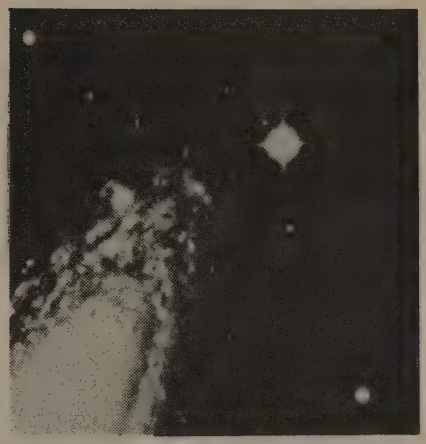

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Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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DON'T STOP ME BABY (I'm On Fire)

(As recorded by The Boys Band)

JOHNNY SLATE
LARRY KEITH
STEVE PIPPIN
AUSTIN ROBERTS

You're old enough and the night's still young
And I have the words on the tip of my tongue
I'll say to your face what I feel in my bones
I need you.

I feel alive just to be where you are
And I know it's love that took us this far
So why don't we go on and reach for that star
I love you
Baby I love you.

Please don't stop me baby
I'm on fire
Don't put me out
Not while I'm burning
Absolutely taken with desire
Please don't stop me baby
I'm on fire.

I see in your eyes that you're feelin' it too
It struck us like lightning from out of the blue
A moment of magic and baby I knew
I loved you
Baby I loved you.

Please don't stop me baby
I'm on fire
Don't put me out
Not while I'm burning
Absolutely taken with desire
Please don't stop me baby
I'm on fire, I'm on fire.

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GENIUS OF LOVE

(As recorded by the Tom Tom Club)

TOM TOM CLUB

What you gonna do
When you get outta jail
I'm gonna have some fun
What do you consider fun
Fun, nat'ral fun.

I'm in heaven
With my boyfriend, my laughing boyfriend
There's no beginning and there is no end
Time isn't present in that dimension
He'll take my arm
When we're walking
Rolling and rocking
It's one time I'm glad I'm not a man
Feels like I'm dreaming but I'm not sleeping.

I'm in heaven
With the maven of funk mutation
Clinton's musicians such as Bootsy Collins
Raise expectations to a new intention
No one can sing
Quite like Smokey, Smokey Robinson
Wailin' an' skankin' to Bob Marley
Reggae's expanding with Sly an' Robbie.
Oops yo mama said uh
Oops yo mama said uh
Oops yo mama said uh
Oops yo mama.
All that weekend
Boyfriend was missing
I sure am missing
Having him hold me in his warm arms
We were insane when we took cocaine.
Steppin' in a rhythm to a-Kurtis Blow
Who needs to think when your feet just go
With a hippity hop an' a hippity low
Who needs to think
When your feet just go
Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon
Who needs to think
When your feet just go
Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon, Bohannon
James Brown, James Brown
James Brown, James Brown.
If you see him
Please remind him
Unhappy boyfriend
Well he's the genius of love
He's got a greater depth of feeling
Well he's the genius of love
He's so deep.

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HERE TO LOVE YOU

(As recorded by The Dooble Brothers)

MICHAEL McDONALD

I've heard it said that the weight of the world's problems
Is enough to make the ball fall right through space
That it ain't even worth it to live
With all that's goin' wrong.

Well let me just go down as saying
That I'm glad to be here
Here with all the same pain and laughs everybody knows.

Some men think they're born to be king now
Maybe that's true girl
But I think passing love around
Is all we were born to do.

Let them build their kingdoms
Let them make the laws for this world to heed
Oh you and I make life worth living
Right here in each other's arms.

I'm here to love you baby
No more loneliness yeah
No more emptiness oh
I'm here to love you yeah, yeah.

Let them build their kingdoms
Let them make the laws for this world to heed
Oh you and I make life worth living
Right here in each other's arms.

I'm here to love you baby
No more loneliness yeah
No more emptiness
I'm here to love you
(Just let me go on loving you)
Just let me go on
(Don't stop me now when I'm feeling this way)
Don't stop me
(Just let me go on loving you)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Don't stop me now when I'm feeling this way)
Just let me go on
(Just let me go on loving you)
I'm here to love you.

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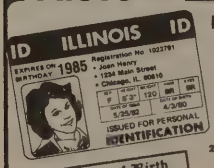

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BEECHWOOD 4-5789

(As recorded by The Carpenters)

WILLIAM STEVENSON
GEORGE GORDY
MARVIN GAYE

La la la la la la la
Hey hey
La la la la la la la
Oh baby
La la la la la la la
Hey hey yeah.

You can have this dance with me
You can hold my hand and whisper in my ear
Sweet words that I love to hear.

Whisper sweet words in my ear
Oh baby
Sweet words that I love to hear.

Don't be shy (don't be shy)
Just take your time
(Just take your time)
I'd like to get to know you
(Get to know you)
I'd like to make you mine.

I've been waiting (so long)
Sitting here so patiently
(So patiently)
For you to come over and have this dance with me
And my number is Beechwood 4-5-7-8-9
You can call me up and have a date any old time.

La la la la la la la
Hey hey
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la.

Don't be shy (don't be shy)
Just take your time
(Just take your time
Just take your time)
I'd like to get to know you
(Get to know you)
I'd like to make you mine.

Beechwood 4-5-7-8-9
You can call me up and have a date any old time.
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la.

Don't be shy
Just take your time
I'd like to get to know you
I'd like to make you mine.

And my number is Beechwood 4-5-7-8-9
You can call me up and have a date any old time.

La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
Oh baby
La la la la la la la
Hey hey
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la.

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SINCE YOU'RE GONE

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

Since you're gone
The nights are getting strange
Since you're gone
Well nothing's making sense
Since you're gone
I stumble in the shade
Since you're gone
Ev'rything's in perfect tense well.

I can't help it
When you fall apart
And I can't help it
I guess you better start
That is, forgetting about you.

Since you're gone
The nights are getting strange
Since you're gone
I'm throwing it all away
Since you're gone
The nights are getting strange
Since you're gone
I'm throwing it all away.

I can't help it
Ev'rything's a mess
I can't help it
You're so treacherous
When it comes to tenderness
Since you're gone.

I can't help it
Ev'rything's a mess
I can't help it
You're so treacherous
Oh where's that tenderness.

Since you're gone
I miss the peak sensation
Since you're gone
I took the big vacation
Since you're gone
Well never feel sedate
Since you're gone
Well the moonlight ain't so great
Since you're gone
Well I've thrown it all away.

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LET'S HANG ON

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

BOB CREWE
SANDY LINZER
DENNY RANDELL

There ain't no good in our goodbyin'
True love takes a lot of tryin'
Oh I'm cryin'.

Let's hang on
To what we've got
Don't let go girl
We got a lot
Got a lot of love between us
Hang on, hang on, hang on
To what we've got
Do, do, do.

You say you're gonna go and call it quits
Gonna chuck it all
And break our love to bits
(Breakin' up)
I wish you'd never said it
No, no we'll both regret it.

That little chip and di'mond on your hand
Ain't a fortune baby
But ya know it stands
(For the love)
A love to tie and bind us
(Such a love)
We just can't leave behind us.

There isn't anything I wouldn't do
I'd pay any price
To get in good with you
(Patch it up)
Give me a second turn
(Patch it up)
Don't cool off while I'm burnin'.

You got me cryin' dyin' at your door
Don't shut me out
Oh let me in once more
(Open up)
Your arms I need to hold
(Open up)
Your arms oh girl I told you baby
(Don't you go)
Baby (oh no no)
Baby (think it over and stay) stay
Let's hang on to what we've got
Don't let go girl
We got a lot
Got a lot of love between us
Hang on hang on hang on to what we've got do do do
Ah ah ah.

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WAKE UP LITTLE SUSIE

(As recorded by Simon and Garfunkel)

BOUDLEAUX BRYANT
FELICE BRYANT

Wake up little Susie
Wake up
Wake up little Susie
Wake up.

We both fell sound asleep
Wake up little Susie and weep
The movie's over it's four o'clock
And we're in trouble deep
Wake up little Susie
Wake up little Susie
Well — what are we gonna tell your Mama
What are we gonna tell your Pa
What are we gonna tell our friends
When they say "ooh la la"
Wake up little Susie
Wake up little Susie.

Well I told your Mama that you'd be in by ten
Well Susie baby looks like we goofed again
Wake up little Susie
Wake up little Susie
We gotta go home.

Wake up little Susie
Wake up
Wake up little Susie
Wake up.

The movie wasn't so hot
It didn't have much of a plot
We fell asleep our goose is cooked
Our reputation is shot
Wake up little Susie
Wake up little Susie
Well — what are we gonna tell your Mama
What are we gonna tell your Pa
What are we gonna tell our friends
When they say "ooh la la"
Wake up little Susie
Wake up little Susie
Wake up little Susie.

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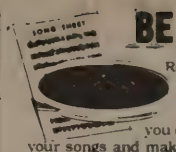

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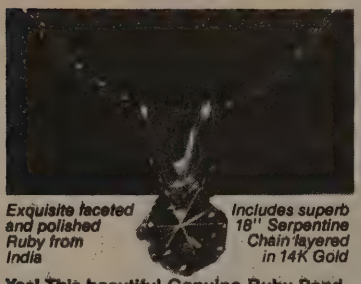

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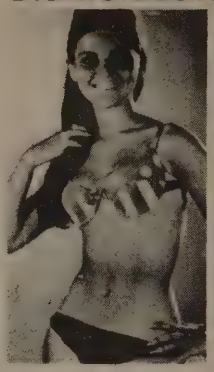

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NOBODY SAID IT WAS EASY

(As recorded by Le Roux)

TONY HASELDEN

It's just another daydream
The kids will be okay
It's just another detour
They haven't lost their way.

They're lookin' for the lights
Somewhere they're shining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh
Lookin' for the lights
That silver lining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh.

Sometimes you hate it
Sometimes you love it
Sometimes you don't know
What to think of it.

Nobody said it was easy
Nobody said it was
Nobody said it was easy
Nobody said it
Now is no time to give up.

Some they love the money
Some they love the fame
Some they don't love anything at all
I don't know why they came.

Lookin' for the lights
Somewhere they're shining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh
Lookin' for the lights
That silver lining
Lookin' for the lights
Oh oh.

Sometimes you hate it
Sometimes you love it
Sometimes you don't know
What to think of it.

Nobody said it was easy
Nobody said it was
Nobody said it was easy
Nobody said it
Now is no time to give up.

(Repeat)

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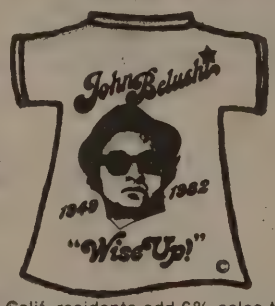

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SOMEBODY TO LOVE

(As recorded by Dwight Twilley)

DWIGHT TWILLEY

Like a paper in the wind
Blowin' since I don't know when
Ever since the child was born
Holdin' on to something warm.

Somebody to love
Somebody that you can depend on
Some place in the sun
One feeling there's just no denying
Somebody to love
Somebody to love
Somebody to love.

Listen to the dogs and trains
Whisper thru the subway drains
Somewhere up the broken stairs
Waiting for the one who cares.

Somebody to love
Somebody that you can depend on
Some place in the sun
One feeling there's just no denying
Somebody to love
Somebody to love
Somebody to love.

Nothing's the same inside
When there's nobody there by your side.

Sit and smoke your cigarette
Think about what won't forget
Everyone that ever was
Tryin' to find a piece of love.

Somebody to love
Somebody that you can depend on
Some place in the sun
One feeling there's just no denying
Somebody to love
Somebody to love
Somebody to love.

(Somebody to love)
For the peace of mind
(Somebody to love)
The wave goodbye
To hold you tight
For the jealous mind
Worry when you're gone
You can hurt 'em if you want
But it just keeps goin' on and on and on and on.

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TAINTED LOVE

(As recorded by Soft Cell)

ED COBB

Sometimes I feel I've got to run away
I've got to get away
From the pain you drive into the heart of me
The love we share seems to go nowhere
And I've lost my light for I toss and turn
I can't sleep at night.
Once I ran to you
Now I'll run from you
This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not living
Oh tainted love
Tainted love.

Now I know I've got to run away
I've got to get away
You don't really want it any more from me
To make things right you need someone to hold you tight
And you'll think love is to pray
But I'm sorry I don't pray that way.
Once I ran to you
Now I'll run from you
This tainted love you've given
I give you all a boy could give you
Take my tears and that's not living
Oh tainted love
Tainted love
Don't touch me please
I cannot stand the way you tease
I love you though you hurt me so
Now I'm gonna pack my things and go
Tainted love.

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(Opera Star) BORN TO ROCK

(As recorded by Neil Young)

NEIL YOUNG

So your girlfriend slammed the door shut in your face tonight
But that's all right
Then she took off to the op'ra with some highbrow from the city lights
Well you grew up on a corner
You never missed a moonlit night
Some things never change
They stay the way they are
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
You were born to rock
You'll never be an op'ra star

You were born to rock
You'll never be an op'ra star
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho.

So you stay out all night gettin' ... up in that rock and roll bar
And you never get tired 'cause your drugs are in a little jar
You were born to rock
And you'll, you'll never be an op'ra star
Some things never change
They stay the way they are
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho
I was born to rock.

Ho ho ho ho ho ho
Ho ho ho ho ho ho.

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THE OTHER WOMAN

(As recorded by Ray Parker Jr.)

RAY PARKER JR.

I'm in love with the other woman
My life was fine till she blew my mind
Aw shucks.

I'm just the average guy
I fool around a little on the side
Never thought it would amount to much
Never met a girl whose love was so tough
Who'd a thought a one night stand
Could turn into such a hot romance
Mmm when she did it to me
I slipped and fell in love
I'm in love.

Oh this affair is unique
All my life I never met such a freak
She keeps me goin' strong for so long
When I get home it's all gone
Makes me wanna grab my guitar
And play with it all night long.
Now I know
The rules of the game
You hit it once
Then break away clean
I should have never gone back I know
But I had to have
Just a little bit more
My friends laugh
But that's alright
I may be a fool
But I know what I like
Now I hate to have to cheat
But it feels better when I sneak.

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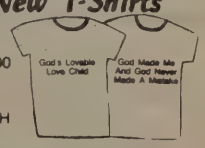

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CAT PEOPLE (Putting Out Fire)

(As recorded by David Bowie)

GIORGIO MORODER
DAVID BOWIE

See these eyes so green
I can stare for a thousand years
Colder than the moon
It's been so long
And I've been putting out fire with gasoline.

See the eyes so red
Red like jungle burnin' bright
Those who feel me near
Pull the blinds and change their minds
It's been so long
Fill this pulsing night
A plague they call the heartbeat
Just be still with me
You wouldn't believe what I've been through
You've been so long
Well it's been so long
And I've been puttin' out the fire with gasoline
Puttin' out the fire with gasoline.

See these tears so blue
An ageless heart that can never mend
These tears can never dry
Judgement made can never bend
Just be still with me
You wouldn't believe what I've been through
You've been so long
Well it's been so long
And I've been puttin' out fire with gasoline
Puttin' out fire with gasoline.

Been so long
(Been so long)
Well it's been so long
(Been so long)
I've been puttin' out fire
(Been so long)
Oh it's been so long
(Been so long)
I've been puttin' out fire
(Been so long)
Been so long
So long, so long
Been so long
(So long, so long)
I've been puttin' out fire
(So long, so long, so long)
I've been puttin' out.

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FIND ANOTHER FOOL

(As recorded by Quarterflash)

MARV ROSS

I should have learned this lesson long ago
That friends and lovers always come and go
And now you claim that ev'rything's okay
Well I've got just one thing to say.

Why don't you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another, find another
Find another fool to love you
To love you
Find another.

I don't believe that I deserve this ride
You took me for my very heart and pride
You let me down
And now your hand is out
Well here's some spare change you can count.

Why don't you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another, find another
Find another fool to love you
To love you
Find another.

You pulled this once
You pulled it twice
It's time you listened to my advice
Oh baby.

I'd never take advantage of our love
I can't imagine what you're thinking of
You're overdue
You think this storm is through
Well baby I've got news for you.

Why don't you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another (find another)
Find another fool to love you
Find another, find another
Find another fool to love you
To love you
Find another.

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WORK THAT BODY

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

DIANA ROSS
PAUL JABARA
RAY CHEW

All right, get ready
We're gonna work that body
And a-reach, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Stretch, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Push, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

Ev'ry morning when we wake
To make up for that piece of cake we ate last night
We do what's right, all right
Throw our arms up in the air
One foot here and one foot there
We're so tight
That's all right, all right
Take a look girls at these numbers
We're still improving, get these bodies moving
Ev'rybody's gonna hate you
There will be no doubt eat your heart out
Don't think we're out of line
When all the men around begin to stop and stare
At the hardest girls, we're the hardest girls in town.

Reach, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Stretch, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Push, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Up, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Work that body
You can make that body shake down.

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JUKE BOX HERO

(As recorded by Foreigner)

L. GRAMM
M. JONES

Standing in the rain
With his head hung low
Couldn't get a ticket
It was a sold-out show
Heard the roar of the crowd
He could picture the scene
Put his ear to the wall
Then like a distant scream
He heard one guitar
Just blew him away
Saw stars in his eyes
And the very next day
Bought a beat up six string
In a second-hand store
Didn't know how to play it
But he knew for sure
That one guitar
Felt good in his hands
Didn't take long
To understand
Just one guitar
Slung way down low
Was a one-way ticket
Only one way to go
So he started rockin'
Ain't never gonna stop
Gotta keep on rockin'
Someday gonna make it to the top.
And be a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
He's a juke box hero
He took one guitar
(Juke box hero stars in his eyes)
Juke box hero
(Stars in his eyes)
He'll come alive tonight.
In a town without a name
In a heavy downpour
Thought he passed his own shadow
By the backstage door
Like a trip through the past
That day in the rain
And that one guitar
Made his whole life change
Now he needs to keep a-rockin'
He just can't stop
Gotta keep on rockin'
That boy has got to stay on top.
And be a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
He's a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
Yeah juke box hero
(Stars in his eyes)
With that one guitar
(Stars in his eyes)
He'll come alive
Come alive tonight.
Yeah he's gotta keep a-rockin'
He just can't stop
Gotta keep on rockin'
That boy has got to stay on top.
And be a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
He's a juke box hero
(Got stars in his eyes)
It took one guitar
(Juke box hero)
Put stars in his eyes
Now he's just a juke box hero
Juke box hero, juke box hero
He's got stars in his eyes
Stars in his eyes.

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ED SALE, Studio 10 H Grand Island, Fla. 32735

LET'S GET IT UP

(As recorded by AC/DC)

MALCOLM YOUNG
ANGUS YOUNG
BRIAN JOHNSON

Loose lips
Sink ships
So come aboard
For a pleasure trip
It's high tide
So let's ride
The moon is risin'
And so am I.

I'm gonna get it up
Never gonna let it up
Cruisin' on the seven seas
A pirate of my lovin' needs
I'll never go down
Never go down.

So let's get it up
Let's get it up
Get right up yeah
Let's get it up
Right to the top
Let's get it up
Right now.

Loose wires cause fires
Gettin' tangled in my desires
So screw 'em up and plug 'em in
Then switch it on and start all over again.

I'm gonna get it up
Never gonna let it up no
Tickin' like a time bomb ooh yeah
Blowin' out the fuse box
I'll never go down
Never go down.

So let's get it up
Let's get it up
Get it up oh oh
Let's get it up
Right to the top
Let's get it up
Right now.

Oh let's get it up
Come on
Let's get it up hey
Get, get it
Let's get it up
Switchin' it on
Start it up
Let's get it up.

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FLAMETHROWER

(As recorded by The J. Geils Band)

SETH JUSTMAN

All day long she holds it back
Back with all her might
She carries a burning torch inside
She holds it firm and tight
She punches out the clock
While it keeps punching out her life.

She's a flamethrower
Red-hot glower
Flamethrower at night.

The things she wears to work
They hang off her kind-a loose
Her blouse don't fit
The pants ain't right
She ain't no front-page news
But when her work is done
And the daytime turns to night
The headlines flash neon
That the girl has taken flight
Chairman of the board
Won't look her in the eye
The fire of her vision
His money just can't buy
Silently she waits
Silently she contemplates
She can make them tremble
You know the reason why.

She's a flame, flamethrower
She's a flamethrower at night
She's a flame
A red-hot glower
She's a flamethrower at night.

You might think you're burnin'
All your candles at both ends
Maybe you should go to church
To make up some amends
But if you think you're fireproof
So cool and much too much
Don't dare go near my baby
'Cause she'll melt you with her touch
I forget the darkness
I forget the pain
When she's movin' through my heart
When she's pumpin' through my veins
She's the part inside me
I never can control
And she's the only reason
I know I got a soul.

She's a flame, flamethrower
She's a flamethrower at night
She's a flame
A red-hot glower
She's a flamethrower at night.

(Repeat)

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HOW TO WIPE OUT HEXES, JINXES, EVEN MYSTIC SPELLS IN 24 HOURS FLAT!

I want to be honest with you right from the very start.

I really can't explain how my NEGAJINX discovery miraculously destroyed my everday jinxes so quickly.

But I can tell you this: *It really works!*

Just a few years ago, nothing was going right for me. I was BADLY jinxed.

I needed money *fast*. I was going into the hospital for an operation. I was very depressed.

And worse, my boss wouldn't give me a raise.

Yes, I was a physical and mental wreck. I walked around every single day waiting and praying for something to happen. Something that would change my bad luck to good luck. It was the lowest point of my life—with NO hope of changing it.

THEN: THE MIRACLE OF NEGAJINX!

Just as I was at my wits end, it happened. Suddenly, with no warning at all, I stumbled upon NEGAJINX. I'll remember that day as long as I live. Like magic, everything started to turn around. *FAST!*

How I discovered it is a secret I promised never to reveal. Not even to my wife. So kindly never ask me.

What I can reveal to you now, is how NEGAJINX started destroying ALL MY JINXES, minute by minute, once-and-for-all. Until every single one of them was gone forever!

- *Surprise!* My boss came through with a whopping raise and an unexpected $2,000 bonus!
- *Surprise!* My operation was a smashing success. I felt like a million dollars. No, make that two million!
- *Surprise!* I got out of my depression. Off we went for a grand vacation for the best time ever!
- *Surprise!* My luck changed! I

started winning at everything I touched. And really big!

As I see it, I am rich, successful, healthy, and lucky. Everything looks great now. I owe everything to my NEGAJINX discovery.

INCREDIBLE! NEGAJINX IS REALLY INCREDIBLE!

Unbelievably, my NEGAJINX discovery never quits doing its remarkable job for me. It keeps on working, day-after-day, week-after-week, year-after-year! Seemingly FOREVER!

For instance: 1) After the doctor said "NO", my wife and I became the parents of a beautiful baby boy. 2) I bought a brand-new extra-deluxe luxury car, loaded with everything. 3) I even found a way to buy my wife a magnificent fur coat as a gift.

To tell you the truth, I can't believe it myself. Everyday brings another surprise! Is NEGAJINX really working? You tell me.

DESTROY ALL YOUR JINXES, TOO!

Would you like to get rid of your jinxes just like I did? Would you like to have everything coming your way? If you can honestly answer "YES", then I want to send you a replica of my sensational NEGAJINX discovery.

I want to send it to you RIGHT NOW—so you can have it with you EVERY SINGLE DAY OF YOUR LIFE—FOREVER!

That's right! I want you to keep it permanently to help destroy EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOUR JINXES—no matter how many or what kind you have.

Just sit back and imagine the thrill when NEGAJINX starts to eliminate your jinxes. Its amazing powers will make you the envy of ALL your friends and relatives.

Yes, I'll be happy to send you the NEGAJINX replica in a private, unmarked package for just $3.

Furthermore, you can order on my unconditional money-back guarantee!

As soon as the NEGAJINX replica arrives, try it out. Prove to yourself that what I've said is 100% true. If you don't like it, just mail it back to me for a FULL REFUND.

Don't live another day without NEGAJINX. Order RIGHT NOW before my current supply runs out. To order just:

1) Print your name and address on the coupon below.

2) Attach your check, money order or cash payable to Lucky Products Co. for just $3. (Price includes postage!)

3) Mail to Lucky Products Co., 49 West 37th St, New York, N.Y. 10018.

MAIL AT ONCE

Lucky Products Co.
49 West 37th St. Dept. N–20
New York, N.Y. 10018

RUSH MY NEGAJINX REPLICA!

YES! I enclose just $3. Rush my **NEGAJINX** Replica right away by First Class Mail. I MUST get rid of all my jinxes or you will return my money without any problem.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

☐ Please send me **TWO** orders. I'm sending **$5** for both. Same guarantee.

© 1980 LPC

HOW TO HAVE
The Sexual Drive You Always Dreamed Of

Dear Friend,

If you have sex problems, potency problems, or even prostate problems, I'd like to send you something that comes in a plain brown wrapper.

No, it is not dirty pictures or anything like that. It is the last thing in the world that I am interested in, because I have something much better—the real thing.

But it is something that you won't want your friends, or especially your wife to know about.

Not for a while anyway. Here's why—

I'm going to send you a single evening's worth of reading material that shows you how I became much stronger sexually at 68 than I was at 40. And how I believe that you can do the same. And do it so fast that your wife may think you've been taking hormone shots from a world-famous doctor.

But I want you to make me one promise first—that you give my method of attaining new sexual strength and health *a fair try*, before you tell anyone—especially your wife—what you're doing.

That's because if you tell anyone about my secret method, before you give it a fair try, they might just be able to talk you out of it. They'll try to tell you that there just is no "at-home, do-it-yourself" way to overcome sexual and prostate problems, and get back the sexual powers of a 35-year-old, the way I did. And keep that sexual drive undiminished all the way up to 68, which is the age I am today.

But there is. And I have proved it in my own life. And my second wife—30 years my junior—will give testimony that I have.

And I'm sure that if you try it privately for even a few weeks—then no one in the world will ever be able to talk you out of it again.

But, Before I Go On, Let Me Tell You That I Am Not A Doctor, Or A Sex Therapist, Or Anything Like That.

I'm a businessman. An adult male, just like you.

An adult male whose day of "sexual reckoning" seemed to occur when I was in my early forties.

Until that time, I prided myself on being one of those rare men who was "always ready". However, suddenly, in my forties, I began to be plagued by most of the "classic" sexual problems. More and more, I found myself unable to achieve an erection, or maintain sexual intercourse long enough to satisfy my wife. I acquired a prostate problem that began to make sex, as well as urination, a painful process. And worst of all, *my sexual desire itself was diminishing. Sex was becoming a thing of the past.*

I still shudder when I think back on those days. But no more.

What I did first was consult a physician about my difficulties. He recommended hormone shots and tablets for my sexual inadequacies, but said that the only means of solving my prostate problem would be an operation.

I had seen friends of mine who had been operated on before. So I decided against the operation till I could get more facts. But I did take the hormones for a while.

They were certainly not the answer. I believed the reason for this was because they were *artificial* stimulants, given to my body from the outside. So I had to find another means of solving my problem. A *natural* means.

Thank God I Have Always Had An Inquisitive Mind. So I Studied The Problem Day And Night. And Slowly I Began To Get A Clear Picture.

After months and even years of work, I learned thrilling facts. Some came from the medical field. Others came from such great natural healers as Adele Davis, J. I. Rodale, George Watson, Irwin Stone, Linus Pauling and Lelord Kordel.

Some even came from the greatest healing manual of them all—the Bible.

But I had never seen anyone put them all together in one common-sense plan before.

For example, I learned that, given certain special foods, the male body can produce *its own* sex hormones. That it does *not* have to go outside itself for these vital hormones.

I learned that I had been unknowingly pouring into my body a crippling collection of chemical "sex killers." The same type of chemical, for example, that is fed to prisoners to destroy their sex drive. Or another chemical that causes the genital organs to shrink away, sometimes to the point where they no longer function at all.

Or another chemical that overtaxes the kidneys and thus painfully irritates the prostate.

I read with joy medical studies that showed that a man's virility should not normally decline until *after* the age of 75. That there is no such thing as the "male menopause." That a healthy man (and I memorized the step-by-step instructions these studies contained) can expect to have full sexual potency right through his sixties!

And then I went on, to discover the common vitamin that reduced prostate swelling. And it worked wonders for me. Along with the other vitamins I discovered, it was absolutely fantastic in the way it reduced the swelling, and pain, of my prostate. And in my case, once the swelling of the prostate was gone, the entire problem was gone. From that moment on, for example, neither sex nor urinating was any longer a problem.

When I Think That Over 25 Years Ago, I Almost "Gave Up" On Sex—And Today I Can Easily Satisfy My Second Wife, Who Is 30 Years My Junior...

Then all I can say is this:

It's wonderful.

And I want you to try it too.

Of course, when I first put together this *complete* plan, it all seemed too simple and too inexpensive to really work. But I was in such desperate condition then that I had no choice but to try it. And try it I did. Just as I ask you to do now.

It was astonishing. After just a few months on this amazingly simple plan, I was no longer plagued by a single one of those problems which had sent me rushing to my doctor. I suddenly gained—and continued to maintain—*strong* sexual desire. I can easily achieve and hold an erection. My second wife, Ellen, who is twelve years *younger* than my own daughter, reveres me in bed as though I were a young man.

My prostate problem continues to be completely under control, through the use of vitamins and minerals alone, without having undergone surgery.

And I received marvelous side benefits, which are almost equally valuable to me as the sexual ones.

For example, my blood pressure, pulse and blood count compare to that of average men almost 30 years younger.

I have a better appetite, a keen interest in life, and the energy I need to do whatever I desire to do. In fact, I literally "go" all day—whether I am working around the house, in the yard, or travelling for business, or even trout fishing.

I stand straighter than I did at 40. I am far thinner. I am still considered attractive by my wife's friends, who are her own age. And there is a definite improvement in the male quality of my voice.

But the most important point is this—*Failures—sexual failures—are now a thing of the past. I am like a 35-year-old again.* And I'd like to pass on the research and experience that did this for me *to you*, for your personal benefit.

Again, I Know This Sounds Incredible... But This Complete Plan Is So Simple That You Can Learn It In A Single Evening.

It's so simple, in fact, that I haven't yet figured out why no one ever put it all together before. Perhaps because the research itself was just too much work for someone who wasn't as desperate as I was, some 28 years ago.

But, since I discovered it, I've continued to read every new book I could find—even doctors' reports—and I've still never seen this complete secret printed anywhere at all.

Also, of course, it didn't take long for my friends to notice that a dramatic change had taken place in my sex life. They saw the results in my first wife, and then they saw even greater results in my second. They were eager to know "what kind of meat I was eating."

I told them simply that all I had really done was just "*strengthen*" my sexual input (through the secrets I mentioned above, and a few others), and therefore was able, in turn, to "*strengthen*" my sexual output.

Then I finally told them the complete details of what I had found—the step-by-step method—and let them prove it themselves.

At first they were downright skeptical that anything so simple could be so effective. But then they found it to be very helpful. In fact, it wasn't long before they were coming back and telling me that someone very important had been smothering them with compliments for "a job well done".

For them too, failures were now a thing of the past.

But Why Should I Restrict This Proven Plan To Only Myself And My Friends?

In fact, one of my friends said to me, "You know, Marvin, I would have paid you a thousand dollars for what your secret did for me."

Well, I don't want anything like a thousand dollars for it, but I *do* want men who need it to get it, and prove it themselves, at no risk of their money whatsoever. So what I've done is this—

I've completely re-written every detail of the complete plan. Everything that helped myself and my friends. For want of a better name, I've called it "How to Have the Sexual Drive You've Always Dreamed Of."

Then I called up my daughter—the one you see in the photo in this ad. She's a beauty expert in New York, and I asked her to put me in touch with her publisher, and find out whether he'd like to distribute this Report for me to all the men who need it.

He said he would, and we agreed on a price for this report that would put it in reach of everyone.

But I insisted that even at this low price, every cent of that money had to be guaranteed.

ONE LAST WORD—

I feel certain that it makes no difference whether you are now younger or older than I am—or how long your problems have been crippling you—or how painful and embarrassing they may be today. *This method must work for you, or it won't cost you a single penny.*

By the way, because of its personal nature, there is only one way for you to see if I'm right—to get your guaranteed copy of "How to Have the Sexual Drive You've Always Dreamed Of"—and that's to order it now, by mail. It is not available in any book store or health food shop in the world, at any price. And when I send it to you, no one except yourself will know what the package that brings it to you really contains.

Also, you might be interested to know that this Plan has already been registered and copyrighted with the U.S. Government, so its secret cannot be copied or stolen.

Why put up with embarrassment, failure and pain one moment longer? Send for your guaranteed copy as soon as you can—TODAY if possible.

Sincerely,

Marvin Freeman

FAIRVIEW BOOK CO.
3550 Lawson Blvd., P.O. Box 903
Oceanside, NY 11572

THIS LADY IS NOT MY DAUGHTER, BUT MY WIFE.

For the thrilling true story of the 68-year-old man who "regained the sexual powers of a 35-year-old," read this page.

SOMETIMES PEOPLE CAN'T TELL WHO THESE TWO SPECIAL PEOPLE ARE!

Sometimes, when we walk down the street together, people can't tell which of these lovely ladies is my wife, and which is my daughter. Let me introduce you to them. My daughter, Oleda, is on the left. My darling wife, Ellen, is on the right.

© F. B. Co., 1982

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

FAIRVIEW BOOK CO., Dept. O B13
3550 Lawson Blvd., P.O. Box 903
Oceanside, NY 11572

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of How To Have The Sexual Drive You Always Dreamed Of by Marvin Freeman! I enclose $10.95 plus $2 post. & hdlg. I may examine this report for a full 30 days or return it for a full refund of purchase price.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. charges. Same moneyback guarantee, of course.

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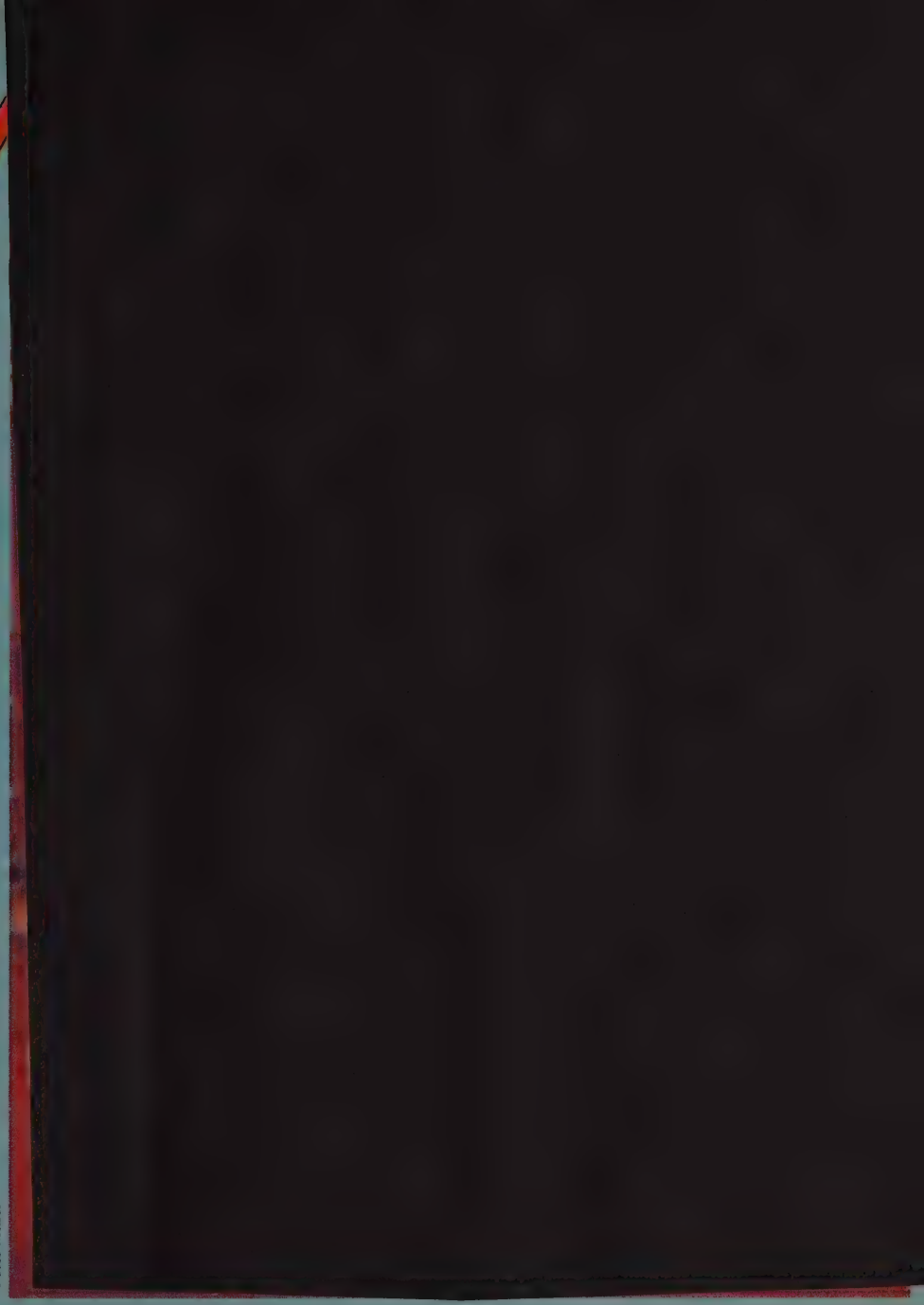
AC/

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

An Inside Look At The Legend

by Andy Secher



Peter Mazel

Brian Johnson knew he was in trouble the moment the vice-like grip wrapped around his arm. "What the hell do you think you're doin' back here?" the burly Madison Square Garden security guard demanded as he faced Johnson backstage shortly before AC/DC's scheduled performance. "Don't you know this area is reserved for the band?"

"Excuse me," Johnson explained in his heavy Scottish brogue, "but I'm with the band." His words, however, were to no avail.

"Sure you are son, just follow me and don't make any trouble," the cop said, dragging Johnson towards one of the Garden's exit doors.

"Hey you gotta believe me, I'm the singer in AC/DC," Johnson screamed.

"Yeah, yeah," the guard replied, "I had somebody here yesterday who swore he was Frank Sinatra; he's out on the street, too."

Just as the pair were about to reach the exit, one of the band's road crew spotted them and came on the run yelling, "Hey! Where the hell are you takin' him?"

"I caught him hangin' around backstage," the guard replied proudly. "I was told to be extra careful tonight."

"Yeah, be careful, you twit," the crew member responded. "And when the band can't go on tonight I'm gonna tell everybody it's because some security asshole threw Brian Johnson out of the arena. What are you gonna say then?"

After a weak smile, the guard released his grip on Johnson's sleeve and meekly offered his apology. "Sorry fella, no hard feelings, huh?"

"S'awright mate," Johnson flashed back. "Coulda happened to anyone."

"Actually, that kinda stuff happens to us all the time," Johnson explained later. "We're just not that recognizable. I'd like a quid for every time Malcolm (Young) and I have been thrown out of concert halls because we didn't look like we belonged. I guess a lot of people expect rock performers to be dressed in sequins and silk, so when we come out in our T-shirts and jeans, they just assume that we can't be in the band. Angus (Young), of course, everybody knows," he laughed. "When he comes out in his schoolboy suit, everybody points to him and stares, but with me it's 'Who're you, mate?' I guess it's my lot in life to just be another pretty face lost in the crowd."

Poor Brian Johnson. He may be lead vocalist in the most popular band in the world, but like Rodney Dangerfield, he just doesn't get any respect. During his two-year tenure in AC/DC, the group sold over 15 million total copies of such albums as **Back In Black, Dirty Deeds Done Dirt**

Peter Mazel

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really begin to understand what we've accomplished. Sales figures are just numbers to us, but cheers are something tangible, and

groups of religious zealots — including the Moral Majority — picketed outside the band's performances. They held up signs and handed out leaflets that labeled AC/DC as "pawns of the devil," and tried to persuade fans to burn their tickets rather than attend the show. Their efforts met with little success.

"Most of the kids just laughed at them," Johnson said. "But it could have been a very dangerous situation. Those people were trying to show that our music was going to corrupt the soul of everyone who listened to it. But I don't think that anyone who comes to our show is about to let a piece of paper convince them not to come.

"Those fanatical groups followed us from city to city handing out their material. Thankfully, they didn't get hurt. The only place I heard there was any trouble was in Cleveland where some of our fans took exception to what they were doing and tried in a rather physical way to convince them to stop. I'm a man of peace," he said with a grin. "But in my heart I wish I could have been out there with 'em that night."

While no one this side of a Jesuit Monk can seriously consider AC/DC's raucous brand of rock and roll "devil's music," it seems safe to say that such songs as *Evil Walks, Inject The Venom* and *Put The Finger On You*, will never be recorded by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Even Johnson admitted to occasionally being, "scared to death by the energy we put into our music." Yet there's a lighter side as well.

"Our material always has

"We've been hiding in the broom closet down the hall since this afternoon so we could meet you."

bothered. The day of the show, of course, it's a little different. That's when everybody is lookin' for us, and things can get a little strange. We tend to attract a very dedicated group of fans, and when they want to find you, they'll let nothing stand in their way.

"A few nights back," Johnson continued, "there was this pounding on my door at three o'clock in the morning. Now, when you look like I do, you want to get as much beauty sleep as possible. But this pounding kept goin' on for about 15 minutes, so I finally got out of bed and opened the door. There

service and spend some time with 'em. That kind of dedication has to be rewarded."

The world's favorite hard rock band knows about fans. Since the formation of AC/DC in 1974, Johnson (who replaced original lead vocalist Bon Scott in 1980), Angus and Malcolm Young, Cliff Williams and Phil Rudd have built a reputation as the *ultimate* people's band — a group that will go to any lengths to please their following. The latest album, **For Those About To Rock (We Salute You)**, says it all in its title.

"Our fans are just incredible," Johnson stated.

I'll never forget the warmth of the crowds night after night. They weren't there to cause trouble, just to have a good time, and we love 'em because of that."

Not everyone, however, was as satisfied as Johnson about AC/DC's recent tour. In a number of cities,

a kind of tongue-in-cheek quality to it," Johnson said. "We always have a good laugh in the studio whenever we're recording. That's part of the fun with this band. Usually we'll just start working on a riff that Angus or Malcolm has come up with and I'll try to

think up some words that'll fit in.

"A song like *Put The Finger On You*, for instance, came together the night after I had watched an old Cagney movie on television. In one scene he turns to Bogey and says, 'Watch it buster, or I'm gonna put the finger on you.' Of course, when someone thinks about that song in terms of dealing with a woman, it has a slightly different meaning," he said with a laugh.

"Our songs all have a story behind them. They're made to be entertaining, but every time we go into the studio we want to make a song that's a classic."

Many of AC/DC's new songs have already become rock-and-roll classics, yet on the most recent American tour, the set was weighed with older material. Only two numbers, *For Those About To Rock* and *Let's Get It Up*, were featured from the new album. According to Johnson, this concentration on the band's "golden oldies" was by design.

"The fans want to hear the songs they know best when they come to see a show," he explained. "Sure they want to hear a few new things too, but we don't want to force the new songs down their throats like some bands do. Some concerts you see turn into hour-long advertisements for a group's new album. That's just not AC/DC's way of doing things.

"We approach our set from a fan's point of view and we know that they want to hear things like *Hell's Bells* and *Whole Lotta Rosie* as well as the newer things," Johnson continued. "The band has eight albums out now, and I think every one of 'em is great. It would be a shame to leave out an older song that everyone was waiting to hear. That wouldn't be fair to the people. I saw McCartney a few years back and his whole show was unbelievable, but when he started to sing *Yesterday*, man, that just blew everyone away. He knew what the fans wanted to hear, and so do we.

"One of the most difficult aspects about doing the old songs is that the fans still remember Bon performing them," he added. "At first, it was a dilemma whether or not to do those songs Bon was so closely associated with, but we realized that we just couldn't leave them out of the set. That's our way of keeping Bon's spirit alive.

"Angus and Malcolm were a little worried that the old songs would put a lot of extra pressure on me, but they never did because I always loved that material so much. I used to play cassettes of the band's early albums in my car all the time. In fact, I still do.

"The amazing thing about the older stuff is that when we do a song like *Let There Be Rock* on stage, sometimes it seems that Bon's ghost is right up there with us. It's a very strange feeling. But we're sure that Bon would have wanted us to keep playing those numbers, and when you see the reaction from the fans, you know that they want us to keep playin' 'em too."

Despite their fans' continued support, AC/DC experienced some problems while performing their set on their most recent tour. In New Haven, CT, for instance, city officials prohibited the band from firing off the cannons during *For Those About To Rock*, claiming they were a potential fire hazard. Rather than play the song without their artillery barrage, the band decided to drop it from the set.

"That was a strange night for sure," Johnson laughed. "We had actually finished our set and were just about to come out and play that song as our encore when one of our road crew dashed out on stage to tell us that if we fired off the cannons, we'd be arrested. Malcolm, who always loves a good fight, said, 'Fuck 'em, let's do it.' But what we didn't know was that the technicians who operate the cannons were being handcuffed backstage just to make sure they didn't try anything.

"We felt bad about dropping the song from the set that night, but we really didn't have any option. Doing it without the cannons would've been like playing *Highway To Hell* on acoustic guitars," he joked. "We'd rather not do anything at all than do it half way."

Luckily, problems like that were few and far between for AC/DC on the 1981 American tour. The shows went so well that they recorded a number of them with the intention of releasing a live album sometime in the future. Johnson stated that the band's next goal is to get back in the recording studio and lay down tracks for a new album, but a live disc should be in the offing sometime next year.

"We've been talking about a live album, but Angus and Malcolm are a little worried about putting out what they consider rehashed material," he said.

"On the other hand, we consider ourselves a 'live' band, and there's nothing like an in-concert album to capture the energy of our music. We definitely will be doing a live album, but right now there's a lot of new studio material we're working on that we want to get down on tape. We want to keep our momentum going," he added with a laugh. "We want to start cranking out an album a month. Actually, we just want to keep working. As long as the people will have us, we want to stay as busy as possible."□

"One of the most difficult aspects about doing the old songs is that the fans still remember Bon performing them."

Mike Kagan RETNA LTD.

J. GEILS BAND

ALTERED STATES

by Charley Crespo

Singing Blues In The Night To The Top Of The Heap.

"We spent almost a year working on **Freeze-Frame,**" said Peter Wolf during an afternoon off from the J. Geils Band's busy schedule. "That kept us from the highways and byways and bright lights of big cities. We were just writing songs.

"It took us a while because nothing came easy. But we felt that if we couldn't make an album that turned us on, there was no sense continuing what we're doing, so we spent a lot of time working and woodshedding.

"I think there's some good rock and roll in them grooves. It's all personal, but I'm digging it."

The sincerity and dedicated prethought Peter Wolf and the rest of the J. Geils Band have put into all their records since 1970's **The J. Geils Band** is unparalleled. While the group's popularity has gone up and down more often than a thermometer, their music has remained consistent. That **Freeze-Frame** was their first platinum LP and first #1 hit proves that the band is finally doing something commercially correct or the world has caught up with the J. Geils

The J. Geils Band, from left: Magic Dick, Danny Klein, Peter Wolf, Seth Justman, Stephen Bladd, J. Geils.

Band — or both.

"Seth Justman, our keyboard player, really outdid himself this time and really wrote and produced and got great performances out of everybody," Wolf suggested. "It took us a long time, but it feels good that we got it.

"Basically, in this band it's as if we're married to each other. We have a relationship that's real strong. When a whole group says, 'Hey, I think we're going to start biting down and growing and building,' it takes a while before things start happening, but it does.

"It happened to us with **Monkey Island**," Wolf continued. "We kept going on that album so long that we went into bankruptcy. We had to stop because no one would give us any money to continue in the studio. Everyone was in debt, but we just kept going because the main thing was to finish making an album. It didn't sell, but so be it. The journey into the heart of darkness may have done us some good."

The J. Geils Band's first round with success came in the early 70s, after building up a reputation as a solid opening act. For years, the band criss-crossed the country, opening concerts for all the big names in rock. In 1973, the J. Geils Band headlined its first concert at New York's Madison Square Garden, and sold out at the door through heavy promotion; in 1982, the band returned for its second headlining engagement in the huge sports arena and sold out almost immediately with minimal advertising.

"People ask, 'What's your favorite album,' " Wolf said, bringing up a new subject. "I really don't judge records that way. I look at them as if they're children. They're all what they are, they're all different and they all mean a lot. Every record was made with the total energy of the time.

"**Freeze-Frame** captures where we were at the time, musically and wherever else. I feel close to the last album. The effort was real herculean and dramatic, but maybe it just seems that way because it's recent. I don't think it's better. I just think all the others led up to this. They all just keep leading, like building blocks.

"The first album was real exciting, but I can't say it was our best. I just think it's our first, and being the first means that it has qualities that the others don't. The second has qualities the first ain't got. It just keeps going like that. All the past albums are still very much a part of us; I mean, they're us."

Us is the unit called the J. Geils Band, a six-man ensemble from Boston that has survived 15 years without one personnel change. In many ways, The J. Geils Band is still the same bunch of fresh-out-of-college musicians that drew together to play straight-forward rock and roll, true to its blues and R&B roots. The band remains vocalist Peter Wolf, guitarist J. Geils, keyboardist Seth Justman, bassist Danny "D.K." Klein, drummer Stephen Bladd and harmonica player Magic Dick. They have miraculously kept their spirit intact, and now are the #1 rock band in the country.

"It's my own love affair," Wolf summed up. "I share it with five other guys." □

"In this band it's as if we're married to each other."

Peter Wolf: "The journey into the heart of darkness may have done us some good."

Melissa Hill/LGI

Caught IN THE Act

by Jim Feldman

THE CARS

The icy, programmatic detachment at the heart of the Cars' metronome rock doesn't make much sense in a live context. At the Brendan Byrne Arena in New Jersey, it was all too obvious that Ric Ocasek and his cohorts haven't learned that what works in the recording studio must be retooled and opened up to succeed in a large arena, where the audience stretches far from the stage.

I have a feeling the Cars' audience was wondering what it was doing out that night. For most of the show, the crowd was subdued. Oh, everyone clapped and cheered at the end of each number, but except for the Cars' big hits, people were quiet and sat still in their seats during most of the performances — and not out of reverence, either. The Cars' detachment, presented as a valid, necessary attitude, came across on stage as an uninvolving pose.

Ultimately, the sense of alienation was, well, alienating. The slides screened behind the band depicted cold, ambiguous, isolation — a jail cell, an elevator shaft and a monolith symbolize nothing else. The lighting was awful — from the stage-left side of the house, the Cars were lost in shadows. And wearing dark glasses — as Ocasek and guitarist Elliot Easton did — isn't exactly ingratiating.

The Cars are all fine, precise musicians: keyboard player Greg Hawkes gave the material a much-needed quirky pop bounce, and the rhythm section of bass player Benjamin Orr and drummer David Robinson struck a balance between the band's signature tick-tock rock and a more danceable clippety-clop gait. Ocasek's lead vocals were fittingly dark and earnest, while Orr's singing was somewhat less restrained. But since Ocasek and company couldn't back up their erector set musical constructions and matching attitude with a necessary theatrical or intellectual rationale, they were only able to rouse the crowd with the irresistibly catchy melodies of *Let's Go, My Best Friend's Girl, Just What I Needed, Shake It Up* and one or two other songs. And that's not nearly enough reason to leave home.

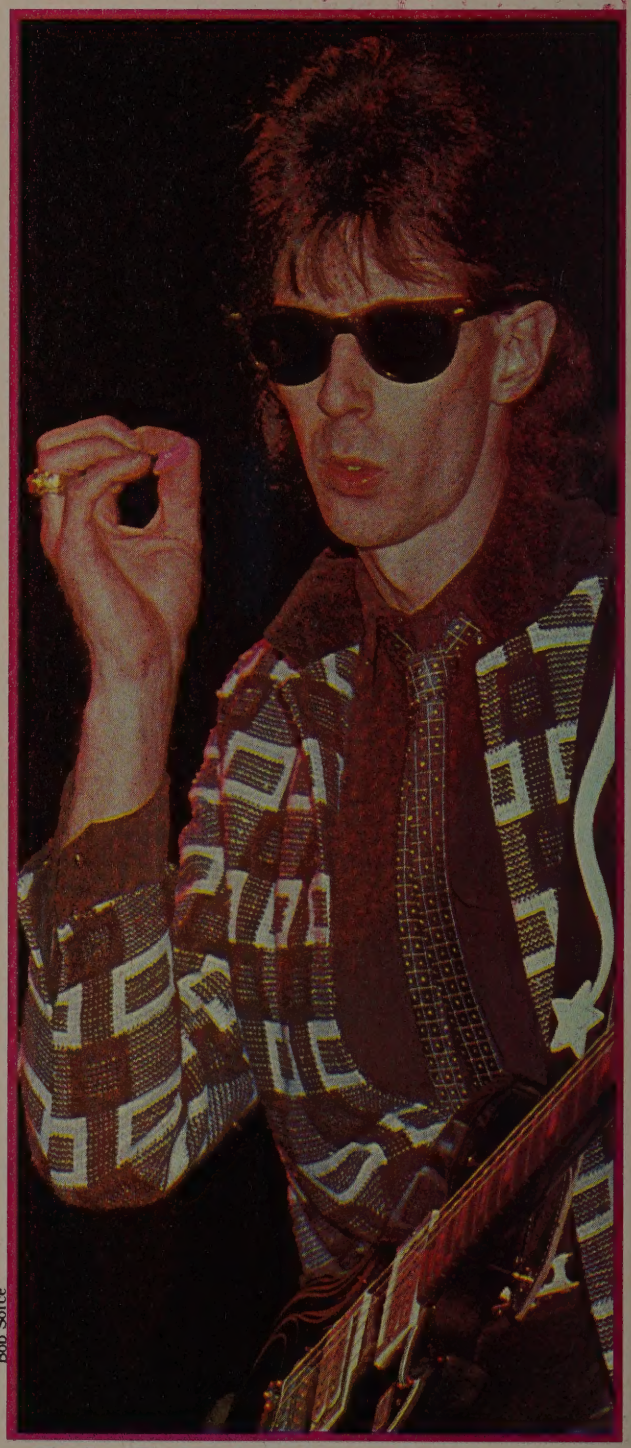
NICK LOWE (AND HIS NOISE TO GO)

Opening for the Cars in New Jersey, Nick Lowe and His Noise To Go were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Lowe favors brisk, uncluttered rock and lighthearted, effervescent pop. In a big arena, the bubbles get lost, especially when most of the crowd is streaming in during the set.

Lowe has certainly put together an excellent, and appropriate band — Martin Belmont (ex-Rumour) on lead guitar, Paul Carrack (ex-Squeeze) on keyboards, Bobby Irwin (ex-Sinceroes) on drums, James Eller (from Carlene Carter's band) taking over the bass, and Lowe switching to rhythm guitar from the bass for live performances.

Cramming twelve songs into a 40-minute opening spot, Lowe seemed unsettled, which undermined the cheerful, unassuming nature of his music.

The set wasn't really bad, and there were a few numbers when Lowe and the band hit their mark — notably, the twistable *Heart of the City* (from **Pure Pop for Now People**), Paul Carrack's lead vocal and keyboard work on *Tempted* (which he sang with Squeeze on **East Side Story**) and Lowe's smooth, quietly passionate rendition of *(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding*, which he wrote and produced for Elvis Costello. But all in all, it was an off-night for Nick Lowe and His Noise To Go.□



Bob Sorce

The Cars' Ric Ocasek: His dark vocals came across as an uninvolving pose.

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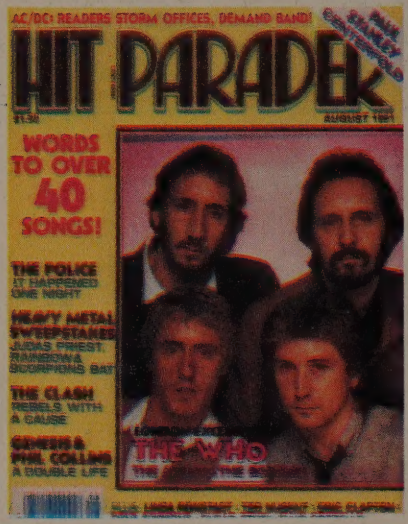

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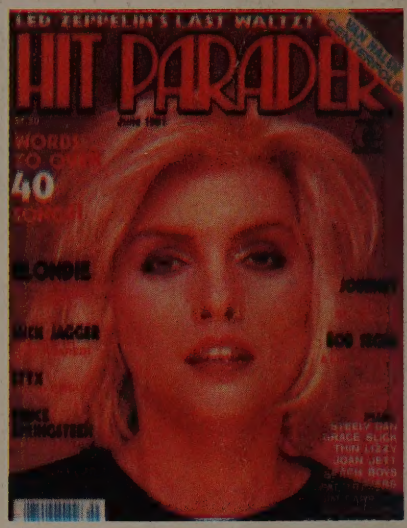

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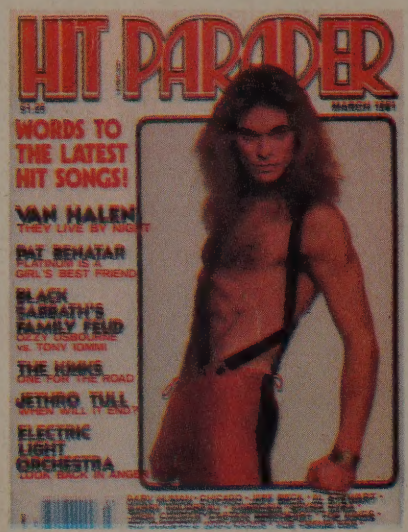

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